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The Old Farm Gate.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide

The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road side?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far
Were the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.

Here are fashion and form of modernized date,
But I'd rather have looked on the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;
For the stream running nigh and the hillocks of sand

Were temptations to dirt-loving rogue could withstand.

But to swing on the gate rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride;
And the ear of the victor or carriage of state
Never carried such hearts as the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below;

Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart—
Throbs grew quick.

Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-gown vestment and spruce-combed hair?

He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored at the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet,

And the falling of markets or goodness of wheat—
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
Were favorite themes for discussion and thought.
The merits and faults of a neighbor just dead—
The hopes of a couple about to be wed—
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate,
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound;

The beagle might hunt and the spaniel might swim,

But none could leap over that postern like him.
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly-pulled willow-branch served for a whip,

Spite of hugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,
While I climbed on his back from the old farm gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame

May come winging our moments and gilding our name;

But give me the joy and the freshness of mind;
When away on some sport—the old gate slam'd behind—

I've listened to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak

That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the old farm gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.

I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.

Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part

With the commonest relic once linked to the dear heart;

And the brightest of fortune, the kindest fate,
Would not banish my love for the old farm gate.

THE TWO CAPTAINS.

FROM THE GERMAN, OF FOUQUE.

CHAPTER I.

A mild summer evening rested on the sea-shore near the city of Malaga, awakening the guitar of many a cheerful singer, as well from the ships in the harbor, as from the houses in the city and the ornamental garden-dwellings around. These melodious tones emulated the voices of the birds as they greeted the refreshing breezes, and floated from the meadows over this enchanting region.

Some troops of infantry were on the stand, and proposed to pass the night there, that they might be ready to embark at the earliest dawn of morning. This pleasant evening made them forget that they ought to devote to sleep their last hours on European ground;

they began to sing war-songs, and to drink long life to the mighty Emperor Charles V., now beleaguering the pirate-nest of Tunis, and to whose assistance they were about to sail.

These happy soldiers were not all of one race. Only two banners waved for Spain; the third bore the German colors; and the difference of manners and speech had often previously given rise to much bantering. Now, however, thoughts of the approaching voyage, and the dangers they would share together, as well as the enjoyment which this lovely southern evening poured through soul and sense, united the comrades in full and undisturbed concord. The Germans tried to speak Spanish, and the Spaniards German, without its occurring to any one to remark the blunders that were made. Each helped the other; thinking only how best to gain the good will of his companion by means of his own language.

Apart from this noisy group, a young German captain, Sir Heimbert of Waldhausen, was reclining under a corktree, and looking up to the stars with a steadfast and solemn gaze, very different from the frank, social spirit which his comrades knew and loved in him so well. A Spanish captain, named Don Frederigo Mendez, approached him. He was as young, and as much accustomed to martial exercises; but his disposition was as generous and thoughtful as Heimbert's was gentle and frank. "Pardon me, Senor," began the solemn Spaniard, "if I disturb your meditations; but I have so often known you as a courageous warrior and faithful companion in arms, in the many hot fights in which I have had the honor to see you, that I would choose you before all others for a knightly service, if it will not interfere with your own plans and projects, for this evening."

"Dear sir," frankly returned Heimbert, "I have an affair of importance to transact before sunrise; but till midnight I am right willing and ready to render you any service as a brother in arms."

"Enough," said Frederigo; "for before midnight must the tones have ceased, in which I take leave of the dearest creature I have known in my native city. But, that you may understand the whole affair, as my noble companion should, listen to me attentively for a few moments:—

"Some time before I left Malaga, to join our great Emperor's army, and to assist in spreading the glory of his arms in Italy, I served, after the manner of young knights, a damsel of this city, the beautiful Lucilla. She stood hardly on the border that divides childhood from growing womanhood; and as I, then a mere boy, offered my homage with friendly childlike mind, so my young mistress in similar guise received it.

"At last I went to Italy, as you very well know, who were my companion in many a hot fight, as well as in many a magic and tempting scene in that luxurious land. Through all our changes I held the image of my gentle mistress steadfastly, and never once relinquished the service and faith I had vowed to her; though I will not conceal from you, it was more to fulfil the word I had pledged at my departure than from any immoderate glowing feeling of my heart. When we returned to my native city, a few weeks since, I found my lady married to one of the richest and most distinguished knights of Malaga. Fiercer far than love, jealousy, now spurred me on to follow Lucilla's steps. From her dwelling to the church—from thence to the houses of her friends, and, again to her home; and even, as far as possible, into the circle of knights and ladies which surrounded her, I unweariedly pursued her. I thus assured myself that no other young knight attended her, and that she had entirely devoted herself to the husband her parents had selected for her, although he was not the one of her heart's choice. This so fully contented me, that I should not have occasion to trouble you at this moment if Lucilla had not approached me the other day, and whispered in my ear, that I should not provoke her husband, for he was very passionate and bold; to herself it threatened no

danger—not the least—because he loved and honored her above all things; but upon that very account would his anger fall more fearfully upon me. You can now easily understand, my noble comrade, that to preserve my character for contempt of danger I must now pursue Lucilla's steps more closely than ever, and sing nightly serenades beneath her flowery window till the morning star makes its mirror in the sea. At midnight, Lucilla's husband sets out for Madrid, and after that hour I will carefully avoid the street in which she dwells; but until then, as soon as the evening is sufficiently advanced, I will not cease to sing love-romances before his house. I have learnt that not only he, but also Lucilla's brothers have engaged in the quarrel; and it is this, senor, which makes me request for a short time the assistance of your good sword."

Heimbert warmly seized the Spaniard's hand, and said, "To show you, dear sir, how willingly I undertake what you wish, I will meet your confidence with like frankness, and relate a pleasant incident which happened to me in this city, and beg you, after midnight, to render me a little service. My story is short, and will not detain you longer than we must wait for the twilight to become deep enough to begin your serenade.

"The day after we arrived here, I was amusing myself in one of the beautiful gardens which surround us. I have now been long in these southern lands, but I believe the dreams which every night carry me back to my German home are the cause of my finding everything about me here so strange and astonishing still. At all events, when I wake each morning I wonder anew, as if I was just arrived. I was then wandering among the aloe, and under the laurel and oleander trees, as one bewildered. Suddenly I heard a cry near me, and a young lady, dressed in white, flew into my arms and fainted away, while her companions separated in every direction. A soldier has always his senses about him, and I soon perceived a furious bull pursuing the beautiful damsel. Quickly I threw her over a flowery hedge, and sprang after myself, whilst the beast, wild with rage, passed us by; and I could afterwards hear no more of it than that it had escaped from a neighboring court-yard, where some youths were trying to commence a bull-fight, and had broken furiously into the garden.

"I was now alone with the senseless lady in my arms, and she was so wondrously beautiful that I have never in my whole life felt happier or sadder than at that moment. I laid her upon the grass and sprinkled her angel brow with water from a fountain near us. At last she came to herself, and, as she opened her lovely eyes, I thought I now knew how the blessed spirits look in heaven.

"She thanked me with grateful and courteous words, and called me her knight. But I was so enchanted I could not utter a word, and she must almost have thought me dumb. At length my speech returned, and I ventured to breathe a request—which came from my heart—that the lovely lady would often give me the happiness of seeing her in this garden for the few weeks I should remain here, till the service of the Emperor should drive me forth to the burning sands of Africa. She looked at me, half smiling, half sadly, and murmured, 'Yes.' And she has kept her word and appeared there daily, without our having yet ventured to speak to one another. For though we were sometimes quite alone, I could not do more than enjoy the happiness of walking by her side. Often she has sung to me, and I have answered her in song. When I yesterday informed her that our departure was so near, I fancied there was a tear in her heavenly eye; and I must have looked very sorrowful also, for she said, consolingly, 'Ah, pious, childlike warrior! one may confide in you as in an angel. After midnight, before the twilight summons you to embark, I give you leave to say farewell to me in this place. If you could find a faithful friend, whose silence you could depend on, to watch the entrance from the street, it might be as well; for many soldiers will be at that time returning from their last carouse in the

city.' Now God has sent me such a friend, and I shall go joyfully to the lovely maiden."

"I wish the service you require had more danger," answered Frederigo, "that I might better prove to you how faithfully I would serve you with life and limb. But come, noble brother, the hour of my adventure has arrived."

Frederigo took a guitar under his arm, and, wrapping themselves in their mantles, the young captains hastily made their way to the city.

The night-violets before Lucilla's window were pouring forth their sweet perfume, when Frederigo, leaning in the angle of an old wide-shawing church opposite, began to tune his guitar. Heimbert placed himself behind a pillar, his drawn sword under his mantle, and his clear blue eyes, like two watching stars, quietly penetrating around.

Frederigo sang:

"Fair is the spring-bright meadows green
A little flower in May,
And rose-tinted petals three
A blush upon its snowy hue
Beneath the sunny ray.

To me, a youth, that little flower
My soul's delight became;
And often then, in happy hour,
I taught my tongue with courteous power
Some flattering lay to frame.

But ah! from where the floweret stood
In delicate array,
Was I to distant scenes of blood,
To foreign lands, o'er field and flood,
Soon summoned far away.

And now I am returned again,
I seek my lovely flower;
But all my hopeful search is vain;
Transplanted from its grassy plain,
My flower is free no more.

A gardener has the treasure found,
And claimed it for his prize;
Now cherished in a guarded bound,
And hedged with golden lattice round,
She is denied mine eyes.

His lattice he may freely twine,
His jealous bars I grant;
But all I need not yet resign;
For still this pure delight is mine,
Her wondrous praise to chant.

And, wandering in the coolness there,
I'll touch my cithern's string,
Still celebrate the floweret fair,
While e'en the gardener shall not dare
Forbidden my voice to sing."

"That remains to be proved, senor," said a man, stepping close, and, as he thought, unobserved, to Frederigo. He had been apprised of the stranger's approach by a signal from his watchful friend, and answered with the greatest coolness: "If you wish to commence a suit with my guitar, senor, you will find she has a tongue of steel, which has already on many occasions done her excellent service. With which do you wish to speak?—with the guitar or with the advocate?"

While the stranger hesitated what to reply to this bold speech, Heimbert perceived two mantled figures draw near and remain standing a few steps from him—one behind the other, so as to cut off Frederigo's flight if he had intended to escape.

"I believe, dear sirs," said Sir Heimbert, in a friendly manner, "we are here on the same errand—to take care that no one intrudes upon the conference of yonder knights. At least, that is my business. And I can assure you that any one who attempts to interfere with their affair shall receive my dagger in his heart. You see we shall best fulfill our duty by remaining still."

The two gentlemen bowed courteously and were silent.

So astonishing was the quiet self-possession with which the two soldiers carried on their affair that their three companions were at a loss to imagine how they would commence their quarrel. At last Frederigo again touched his guitar and appeared about to begin another song. At this mark of contempt and unconsciousness of danger, Lucilla's husband (for it was he who had taken his stand by Don Frederigo) was so enraged that he, without further delay, snatched his sword from its sheath and called out in a voice of

suppressed rage, "Draw, or I shall stab you!"

"Very willingly, senor," answered Frederigo, comely. "You have no need to threaten me, and might quite as well have spoken quietly." So saying, he laid his guitar in a niche in the church-wall, seized his weapon, and, bowing gracefully to his adversary, the fight began.

For some time the two figures by Heimberr's side, who were Lucilla's brothers, remained quite quiet; but as Frederigo began to get the better of their brother-in-law, they made a movement as if they would take part in the fight. At this Heimberr made his good sword gleam in the moonlight and said:

"Dear sirs, you surely would not wish me to put my throat into execution. Pray do not oblige me to do so; for if it cannot be otherwise, doubt not I shall keep my word."

The two young men remained from this time quite motionless, surprised at the cheerful, true-hearted friendliness of all Heimberr's words.

Meanwhile had Frederigo, though pressing hard upon his adversary, yet carefully avoided wounding him; and at last, by a dexterous movement, he wrested his weapon from him, so that Lucilla's husband, in the surprise and shock of this unexpected advantage, retreated a few steps. Frederigo threw the sword in the air, and adroitly catching it near the point as it descended, said, as he offered the ornamented hilt to his opponent: "Take it, senor, and I hope this matter is ended; and you now understand that I am only here to show I fear no danger in the world. The bell tolls twelve from the old dome, and I give you my word of honor, as a knight and a soldier, that neither is Donna Lucilla pleased with my attentions, nor should I, if I lived a hundred years in Malaga, continue to serenade her. So pursue your journey in peace, and farewell." Then he once more greeted his conquered adversary with solemn, stern courtesy, and withdrew. Heimberr followed him, after he had cordially shaken hands with the two brothers, saying: "Never let it again enter your heads, dear young gentlemen, to interfere in an honorable fight. Do you understand me?"

He soon overtook his companion, and walked by his side in silence, his heart beating with joy, sorrow, and expectation. Don Frederigo Mendez was also silent, till Heimberr stopped before a garden-door overhung with fruitful orange-boughs, and pointing to a pomegranate-tree laden with fruit, said: "We are at the place, dear comrade." Then the Spaniard appeared about to ask a question, but he checked himself, and merely said: "Understand me, you have my word of honor to protect this entrance for you till the hour of dawn." He began walking to and fro before the gate with drawn sword, like a sentinel, whilst Heimberr, trembling with joy, hastened through the dark groves within.

CHAPTER II.

He had not far to seek the lovely star which he so deeply felt was the one destined to shed its light over his whole life. The full moon revealed to him the slender form of the lady walking near the entrance. She wept softly, and yet smiled with such composure that her tears seemed rather to resemble a decoration of pearls than a veil of sorrow.

The lovers wandered silently beside one another through the flowery pathway, half in sorrow, half in joy, while sometimes the night air touched the guitar on the lady's arm so lightly that a slight murmur blended with the song of the nightingale, or her delicate fingers on the strings awoke a few fleeting chords, and the shooting stars seemed as if they would pursue the retreating tones of the guitar.

O, how truly blessed was this hour to the youth and maiden! for now neither rash wishes nor impure desires had any place in their minds. They walked side by side, satisfied that the good God had granted them this happiness, and so little desiring anything further than the fleeting and perishable nature of the present floated away in the background of their thoughts. In the midst of this beautiful garden they found a large open lawn, ornamented with statues, and surrounding a fountain. On the edge of this the lovers sat down, alternately fixing their eyes on the waters sparkling in the moonlight and on one another. The maiden touched her guitar, and Heimberr, compelled by some irresistible

impulse, sang the following words to it:—

"A sweet, sweet life have I,
But cannot name its charm;
Oh! would it teach me consciously,
That so my life, in calm,
Soft, gentle joys, should ever praise
What my fond spirit endles says."

He suddenly stopped, and blushed, for he feared he had said too much. The lady blushed also, and after playing some time half abstractedly on the strings, she sang, as if still in a dream:—

"Who beside the youth is singing,
Seated on the tender grass,
Where the moon her light is flinging,
And the sparkling waters pass?
Shall the maid reveal her name,
When, though still unknown it be,
Glow her trembling cheek with shame,
And her heart beats anxiously?
First let the knight be nam'd—'tis he
Who, in his bright array,
With Spaniards' sword triumphantly
Upon the glorious day."

Who before Pavia bravely fought,
A boy of sixteen years:
Pride to his country hath he brought,
And to his women fears.
Heimberr is his noble name;
Victor he in many a fight;
Donna Clara feels no shame,
Sitting by so brave a knight."

In her name's soft sound revealing,
Seated on the tender grass,
Where the moonbeams' light is stealing,
And the sparkling waters pass."

"Ah," said Heimberr, blushing more deeply than before, "oh, Donna Clara, that affair at Pavia was very insignificant feat of arms; and if it had deserved a reward, what could better serve as one than the surpassing bliss which I now enjoy? Now I know what your name is, and dare address you by it, you angel bright, Donna Clara! you blessed and beautiful Donna Clara! Only tell me who has made so favorable a report of my youthful deeds, that I may ever think of him gratefully."

"Can the noble Heimberr of Waldhausen suppose," replied Clara, "that the warriors of Spain sent no sons where he stood in battle? You have surely seen them near you in the fight; and how, then, can it surprise you that your glories are known here?"

They now heard the silvery tones of a little bell from the neighboring palace, and Clara whispered, "It is time to part, adieu, my hero!" And she smiled on Heimberr through her tears; and as she bent towards him, he almost fancied he felt a gentle kiss breathed on his lips. When he looked around, Clara had disappeared; the morning clouds began to assume the rosy tint of dawn, and he rejoined his watchful friend at the entrance, door, with a whole heaven of love's proud happiness in his heart.

"Stand! no further!" exclaimed Frederigo, as Heimberr appeared from the garden, holding, at the same time, his drawn sword to ward him.

"Oh, you are mistaken, my good comrade," said the German laughing—"it is I whom you see before you."

"Don't imagine, Sir Heimberr of Waldhausen, that I mistake you," said Frederigo; "but I have kept my word, and honorably fulfilled my promise to be your guard in this place; and now I demand of you to draw without further delay, and fight for your life."

"Alas!" sighed Heimberr, "I have often heard that there are witches in these southern lands, who have the power to deprive people of their senses with their magic arts and charms, but till to-day I have never experienced anything of the sort. Think better of it, my dear comrade, and go with me to the shore."

Frederigo smiled scornfully, and answered, "Leave off your silly nonsense; and if one must explain everything to you, word by word, before you understand it, I will tell you that the lady you came to meet in this my garden, Dona Clara Mendez, is my only and dearest sister. Now lose no further time, and draw, Senor."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the German, without touching his weapon; "you shall be my brother-in-law, Frederigo, and not my murderer, still less will I be yours."

Frederigo shook his head angrily, and advanced with measured steps towards his companion. Heimberr, however, continued motionless, and said, "No, Frederigo, I can never do you any harm; for not only do I love your

sister, but you must certainly be the person who has spoken to her so honorably of my battle-deeds in Italy."

"If I did so," answered Frederigo, "I was a fool. But thou, thou weak coward, draw thy sword, or—"

Frederigo had hardly spoken these words, before Heimberr, glowing with indignation, snatched his sword from its sheath, exclaiming, "This the evil one himself could not bear!" And now the two young captains fiercely closed upon one another.

This was quite another battle to that which Frederigo had previously fought with Lucilla's husband. The two soldiers well understood their weapons, and boldly strove with one another; the light gleamed from their swords, as first one and then the other made a deadly thrust with the speed of lightning, which his adversary as speedily turned aside. Firmly they planted the left foot, as if rooted in the earth, the right advanced one step to make each onset, and then quickly withdrawn to recover their footing. From the resolution and quiet self-possession with which both combatants fought, it was easy to see that one or the other of them must find his grave beneath the orange trees, whose overhanging boughs were now illuminated by the glow of morning. This would certainly have been the case, had not the report of a cannon from the harbor reached them.

The combatants stopped as at an understood signal, and silently counted till thirty, when a second gun was heard. "That is the signal for embarkation, Senor," said Frederigo; "we are now in the Emperor's service, and all fighting is unlawful which is not against the foes of Charles the Fifth. We must defer our combat until the termination of the war."

The two captains hastened to the shore, and were engaged in the embarkation of their troops. The sun, rising from the sea shone at once on the ships and on the water.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NAPOLEON II.—"Preparations are being made at Schoenbrunn," says a communication from Vienna, in The Augsburg Gazette, "to receive a deputation from the Court of France, to whom the body of the Duke de Reichstadt will be delivered up."

HOUSEHOLD MARKETS.

The dullness of trade generally in the market, which we noticed last week, has continued during the present week, but the dealers in fruit and vegetables have been rather more active.

In the meat trade there is less doing than we have before observed in a long time. A few of the butchers, disgusted by the hot weather and the scarcity of customers, have closed their stalls altogether; and, possibly, with their wives and daughters, followed their up town patrons to the fashionable watering places. Those who remain, however, have managed to keep up prices pretty nearly to the old figure, as will be seen by our list:—Sirloin Steaks, 15s; Porterhouse Steaks, 18s; Rump Steaks, 14s; Roasting pieces, 10s; 12s; Chuck roast, 10s; Corned pieces, 10s; 12s; Mutton Chops, 12s; hind quarters, 10s; 12s; fore quarters, 10s; 12s; Lamb, 12s; 14s; Veal, 10s; 12s; hind quarters, 10s; 12s; fore quarters, 10s; 12s; fresh Pork, 12s; 14s; Port, 11s; Ham, 18s; 20s; 22s; 24s; 26s; 28s; 30s; 32s; 34s; 36s; 38s; 40s; 42s; 44s; 46s; 48s; 50s; 52s; 54s; 56s; 58s; 60s; 62s; 64s; 66s; 68s; 70s; 72s; 74s; 76s; 78s; 80s; 82s; 84s; 86s; 88s; 90s; 92s; 94s; 96s; 98s; 100s; 102s; 104s; 106s; 108s; 110s; 112s; 114s; 116s; 118s; 120s; 122s; 124s; 126s; 128s; 130s; 132s; 134s; 136s; 138s; 140s; 142s; 144s; 146s; 148s; 150s; 152s; 154s; 156s; 158s; 160s; 162s; 164s; 166s; 168s; 170s; 172s; 174s; 176s; 178s; 180s; 182s; 184s; 186s; 188s; 190s; 192s; 194s; 196s; 198s; 200s; 202s; 204s; 206s; 208s; 210s; 212s; 214s; 216s; 218s; 220s; 222s; 224s; 226s; 228s; 230s; 232s; 234s; 236s; 238s; 240s; 242s; 244s; 246s; 248s; 250s; 252s; 254s; 256s; 258s; 260s; 262s; 264s; 266s; 268s; 270s; 272s; 274s; 276s; 278s; 280s; 282s; 284s; 286s; 288s; 290s; 292s; 294s; 296s; 298s; 300s; 302s; 304s; 306s; 308s; 310s; 312s; 314s; 316s; 318s; 320s; 322s; 324s; 326s; 328s; 330s; 332s; 334s; 336s; 338s; 340s; 342s; 344s; 346s; 348s; 350s; 352s; 354s; 356s; 358s; 360s; 362s; 364s; 366s; 368s; 370s; 372s; 374s; 376s; 378s; 380s; 382s; 384s; 386s; 388s; 390s; 392s; 394s; 396s; 398s; 400s; 402s; 404s; 406s; 408s; 410s; 412s; 414s; 416s; 418s; 420s; 422s; 424s; 426s; 428s; 430s; 432s; 434s; 436s; 438s; 440s; 442s; 444s; 446s; 448s; 450s; 452s; 454s; 456s; 458s; 460s; 462s; 464s; 466s; 468s; 470s; 472s; 474s; 476s; 478s; 480s; 482s; 484s; 486s; 488s; 490s; 492s; 494s; 496s; 498s; 500s; 502s; 504s; 506s; 508s; 510s; 512s; 514s; 516s; 518s; 520s; 522s; 524s; 526s; 528s; 530s; 532s; 534s; 536s; 538s; 540s; 542s; 544s; 546s; 548s; 550s; 552s; 554s; 556s; 558s; 560s; 562s; 564s; 566s; 568s; 570s; 572s; 574s; 576s; 578s; 580s; 582s; 584s; 586s; 588s; 590s; 592s; 594s; 596s; 598s; 600s; 602s; 604s; 606s; 608s; 610s; 612s; 614s; 616s; 618s; 620s; 622s; 624s; 626s; 628s; 630s; 632s; 634s; 636s; 638s; 640s; 642s; 644s; 646s; 648s; 650s; 652s; 654s; 656s; 658s; 660s; 662s; 664s; 666s; 668s; 670s; 672s; 674s; 676s; 678s; 680s; 682s; 684s; 686s; 688s; 690s; 692s; 694s; 696s; 698s; 700s; 702s; 704s; 706s; 708s; 710s; 712s; 714s; 716s; 718s; 720s; 722s; 724s; 726s; 728s; 730s; 732s; 734s; 736s; 738s; 740s; 742s; 744s; 746s; 748s; 750s; 752s; 754s; 756s; 758s; 760s; 762s; 764s; 766s; 768s; 770s; 772s; 774s; 776s; 778s; 780s; 782s; 784s; 786s; 788s; 790s; 792s; 794s; 796s; 798s; 800s; 802s; 804s; 806s; 808s; 810s; 812s; 814s; 816s; 818s; 820s; 822s; 824s; 826s; 828s; 830s; 832s; 834s; 836s; 838s; 840s; 842s; 844s; 846s; 848s; 850s; 852s; 854s; 856s; 858s; 860s; 862s; 864s; 866s; 868s; 870s; 872s; 874s; 876s; 878s; 880s; 882s; 884s; 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"With my own will," replied the young officer, "I would not be a soldier long. War is odious to me. I have neither ambition nor hate to gratify, and can see no good, no entertainment in *killing*. They have embroidered laurels upon the sleeves of this dress of mine; my eyes discern only the blood with which these boots have been stained."

The poet stretched out his hand to the soldier. The latter grasped it with enthusiasm, and continued,—

"Glory—true glory—is that which this eloquent hand labored for and won, while tracing the history of Virginia and of Paul, names eternally seated in the memory—in the hearts of mankind. Ah! this day, sir, is one of the sweetest of my life. I have long prayed that I might live but to see you once, and to describe to you, in manhood, the delicious moments which my boyhood owed to you. My wish is realized. Behold this treasure of my youth, read amid the confusion of schools and colleges, and also upon the fields of Montenotte and Lodi!"

The officer drew from his pocket, as he spoke, a sorely worn copy of Paul and Virginie. Modest as he was, St. Pierre felt deeply touched by the enthusiasm of the young stranger, and the more so as, in those days of civil dissension and foreign warring, it was very unusual to see a soldier display so much emotion respecting an Indian idyl, and a retired humble poet. "I love you, young man," said St. Pierre, "not on account of your too indulgent admiration for the work of a day, but because I feel that there is between us a community of love for that humanity of which my work is but a feeble inspiration, and for that nature which furnished me with its coloring. It is but in secret, at present, that one can avow a love for the Deity, for the skies, for the flowers, and for peace on earth. Discord still reigns at Paris, does it not?"

The young officer's black eyes were full of melancholy as he raised them to heaven, and he begged the poet to change the theme of conversation. Bernardin began to talk of the subject with which his mind was then more particularly conversant. He spoke of the harmonies of creation, and in especial of the heavens, on which point the young soldier proved to be an enthusiast. "And the nights of Italy," said the officer, after long listening with delight to St. Pierre's discourse on this subject, "each star there is a lasting token and testimony of friendship or of love. If two friends are separated, they promise to look at the same star at the same hour, and its ray is the tie that unites them still. Young girls baptize the beautiful stars of the summer night with their own names and those of their lovers. The firmament there is full of Antoniettas and Ciprianos, of Lucias and Giacomas. If death disturbs these unions, the survivor is consoled by gazing at the yet bright memorial of the object beloved and departed." "This is, in truth, a tender harmony of the south, and not unlike a corresponding one of the north. There two oaks are planted on the occasion of every union of two hearts and souls. The stars in the south, the oaks in the north—Love everywhere!"

Thus did the poet and his visitor converse for hours, the former delighted to find his tastes and thoughts fully comprehended by the soldier, who seemed to him a spirit of the most refined mould, so modest, retiring, and unambitious, as to be in danger of being trampled down at every turn by those of more unscrupulous and stirring temperament. "But the youth will soon leave the world for some quiet retreat," thought St. Pierre, "where he will be happy." The poet had this reflection in his mind when the officer rose to depart. "Stay a moment," said Bernardin, suddenly; "such a being as you must have written." The young soldier interrupted him by producing a manuscript, and entreating him, with a blush, to look at the fruit of war's leisure hours. "You will permit me to come again some time, and

breathe with you the sweet morning air of your hermitage?" said the departing youth. "The sooner the more welcome," returned St. Pierre, and the nameless stranger took an affectionate leave of the solitary of Essone.

St. Pierre found the manuscript left with him to be a romantic pastoral, or pastoral romance. It increased the admiration and love he had begun to feel for the young officer, and it was with considerable anxiety that the retired poet, after some time had elapsed, looked for the return of his unknown friend; but he was disappointed. Several months passed away without bringing the stranger to Essone, and St. Pierre had begun to give up hope on the point when, one evening, while Bernardin was seated in his garden, the visit of an officer was announced. In a few minutes, at the poet's desire, the officer was conducted to his presence. St. Pierre had confidently expected to behold his former visitor, but he was in error in his anticipations. The officer now before him showed, indeed, a figure nearly the same as that of the former visitor, as well as the same long black hair, the same dark eyes and the same southern tint of countenance; yet it was plain to the poet that a different person stood before his eyes. The new comer was obviously a good many years older than the first. The stranger, like his predecessor, gazed for some moments on St. Pierre without speaking, and then he dispelled the poet's surprise by saying, "I am the brother, Sir, of an officer of the army of Italy who had the honor of seeing you some months ago." "I remember him well," returned the poet. "I am come to pay, like him, my respects to one so worthy of far higher tributes." Bernardin bowed his acknowledgments for the praise of the officer, but hastened to enter on a subject more agreeable to his modest nature. "Your brother," said he, "confided to me a manuscript romance which I am ready to restore to you, and I beg you to inform your brother that I have been profoundly touched with the virtuous purity of his sentiments, and, above all, with his eloquent indignation against tyranny and ambition. The richness, too, of his style—" Here the officer interrupted the speaker by exclaiming, "Enough, Sir, enough! If I permit you to go on with this pleasing eulogy, I will not be able to make the avowal, which I now make, that the piece is my own composition. Not daring to present it to you in person, I persuaded my brother to do it. You must pardon us for the deception."

Ever long the second officer and St. Pierre had entered ardently into discourse. "I was engaged," said the poet, "in considering the harmonies of the heavens when your brother visited me, and now my thoughts are turned to the flowers of the earth." So speaking, St. Pierre showed to his visitor many beautiful flowers that were yet in bloom. "But, alas!" continued the poet, "the world at large neglect and despise the knowledge of these earth-born beauties." "No, no," cried the soldier warmly, "you have taught the world to love them. Already have your *Studies of Nature* popularized the taste for flowers in Europe. Enchanted myself with your lessons, I established a botanical horologe in our Italian quarters, and at each hour of the day and night I had a flower that opened its petals. Flowers, Sir, are my passion, and I sympathize with the Hollander, who spends his fortune on tulips, and could cheerfully pass my days, like him, in the unambitious occupation of multiplying their varieties."

Bernardin de St. Pierre, who loved all nature, was equally charmed with his new friend's tastes as with those of the younger brother. Much converse passed between the poet and the flower-loving soldier in little space, until the latter at length rose reluctantly to take his leave. "You will permit me to return?" said the officer. "Return," replied St. Pierre, "and bring your brother with you." The officer then departed. The poet sat buried in reflection

on the brothers for some time afterwards. "Truly this is a family of simple hearts," thought St. Pierre. "The one brother adores the grandeur of the heavenly bodies, and the other passes his regimental leisure hours in cultivating flowers for the pleasure of seeing one open hourly. And yet these two youths are soldiers! War and revolution have sucked them into a restless vortex, while humble quiet is their proper field and sphere."

Months had passed away, and St. Pierre was still pursuing his studies in his tranquil retreat. He had not forgotten the two brothers; their characters had made a lasting impression on his mind, and, besides, any visit whatever was a rare event at his cottage. France had not forgotten him, but France was then too busy to show his remembrance. So St. Pierre was left alone. His solitude, however, was a third time broken in upon some months after the second brother's visit. The new comer was again an officer, and when he appeared before the poet, the latter at first imagined that one of his previous visitors had returned. But, on looking more attentively, St. Pierre became assured that a stranger was in his presence, although the dress, the complexion and the hair were the same as in the two preceding cases. Struck with the utmost surprise at this triple resemblance, he asked his visitor to be seated, and waited for an explanation from the other's lips.

This explanation was not long withheld. The third officer stated himself to be the brother (second in age) of the two officers who had before been at Essone. "Encouraged by the account given to me of your kind reception of them, I, too, could not refrain from coming to salute the friend of Rousseau and the author of the *Studies of Nature*."

The third brother soon displayed a mind so inquisitive as to render the conversation between St. Pierre and him one of even greater interest than had occurred in the two previous cases. In spite of the fixed character of his principles and opinions, based as they were upon long and deep reflection, the poet and philosopher felt that it was no easy task to bear up in argument against the acute and sifting intellect of the third brother, and which shone powerfully forth in the eagle glance of his eye. Between this visitor and the poet there was no question of stars, or flowers, or nature's other visible wonders. The discourse was of a severe character, yet not devoid of spirit. They spoke of humanity, of philosophy, and of the evils of the times, the old poet talking in an indulgent spirit, mixed now and then with the gall of experience, while the young officer spoke of things with the hopefulness of youth. Bernardin inquired into the favorite studies of his visitor. "Mathematics and history," replied the officer. "To enjoy these I would fain fly from the world and spend my days in unambitious retirement." When the time for departure came, the third brother and St. Pierre parted with even deeper regret than had been displayed on the occasion of either of the former visits.

"Fate has been kind to me," said Bernardin de St. Pierre to himself, "in sending to me these three remarkable brothers—the one capable and worthy of comprehending the calm and holy majesty of the empire of heaven; the other tender and sensitive as Rousseau, and the third sage as Marcus Aurelius, but superior to him in despising the allurements of empire."

Alas! for the instability of human affairs, desires and opinions!

The first of these officers, who loved the stars of heaven and who had no ambition, was Louis Bonaparte, afterwards King of Holland.

The second officer, who doted on flowers and botanical horologes, and who had no ambition, was Joseph Bonaparte, afterwards King of Spain and the Indies.

The third officer, who adored humanity, peace and philosophy, and who had no ambition, was Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards Emperor of France and King of Italy.

Gems from the Older Poets.

PART OF DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF THE TWENTY-NINTH BOOK OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

[The philosophy of the following stanzas is not beyond question; but while this may be kept in mind, and only a due portion of moral assent is yielded, how admirable the masculine energy which Dryden has lent to the Roman poet!]

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of poverty.

A savory dish, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious room,
The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy forebodings of the great.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of fortune's power;
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow.

And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless, gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sleep and their folds together drown;
Both houses and homesteads into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made this with winds, their scatter'd
honors mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are
mine;
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my
hour.

Fortune that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to best;
Still various and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the fickle thing away:
The title or the much she gave is quietly resign'd;
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What 'tis to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea;
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

For me, secure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnacle I can sail,
Contenting all the bustling roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CEYLON LIFE.

MY FIRST ELEPHANT HUNT.

Cold, wet and hungry, after a ten hours' ride over the bleak, rugged mountains in the interior of Ceylon, we at last hailed with satisfaction our long-wished for bungalow—the place we had fixed on as being most appropriate for our scene of action with the birds, beasts, and fishes of the creation. No sooner did the white walls of our future domicile attract the major's eye (than whom a finer specimen of a well fed Scot never broached a whisky-tub), than the jungles around re-echoed with his jolly shout, and digging his brawny heels into the ribs of the Vattoo pony that carried him, and which really was, I believe, the lightest weight of the two, away we went, with a total disregard and indifference of all mortal accidents. Brandy-pawnee, pale ale, cheroots, and a hot dinner, in perspective, it required more than the power of man to stop him, so making a Chinify rush of it, five minutes brought us all (five in number) to a commodious jungle habitation that had been built some time before by a sportsman of Ceylon, both for his own amusement, and also for the benefit of such of his brethren in the craft as might at any time feel inclined to risk their life and limbs in warfare with the elephants with which the place abounds. The country in

which the said abode is situated resembles an English park somewhat out of repair; clumps of large forest trees being interspersed at intervals, and the ground carpeted with smooth elastic turf, while the countless herds of spotted deer that lay scattered over it, the wild gaudy peacock, and the jungle fowl that we put up in all directions, gave promise to the sportsman of glorious sport. "The Major," under whose fatherly protection we had placed ourselves, in addition to his other good qualities, was a most excellent cook. His stews were unexceptionable, a bottle of Madeira in them generally prevented any body, except himself, knowing what they were made of; and should they be overdone, underdone, or the ingredients rather tough, in went another half bottle, which, in the major's estimation, was a specific remedy for all culinary irregularities. Moreover, our friend evinced none of those affections (which I know some of my sporting friends do) of not eating the game they shoot. The old soul was never half so happy and pleased as when masticating a tough old pen-fowl that he shot, cooked, and served up himself. But we are digressing. Having put our nags into the best place we could find for them (and luckily, jungle ponies are not over fastidious in their ideas of local habitation) we commenced tapping and overhauling the commissariat, a supply of provisions enough to have lasted us for six months' siege. We all agreed that it was no advantage working on empty stomachs, and we were too old soldiers to rely on our guns for subsistence. Having satisfied our inner man for the present, we proceeded to business, getting ready the guns and ammunition for the morrows' slaughter, while "the major" went off to cook the dinner. This was served up in due time, and as gladly welcomed by a party of hungry subs as a brevet company would have been, the portly old major bringing in the last dish himself, with an expression of cannibalism on his features that would have petrified a rhinoceros. Oh! ye gods, that dinner. It was all the same to our worthy cook, which had come to hand first—whisky, Madeira, or water. The soup was a compound of all three, with a half boiled hare in the middle of it; while a goodly piece of boiled beef tasted far more of "Old Tom" than anything else. But who would grumble? Here we are thirty miles from any habitation, except those of the denizens of the forest—modern Robinson Crusoes on elephant shooting—so pass the bottle and keep up the song was our motto, till the small hours warned us that steady hands and clear heads would be a requisition for the morning's work; so into bed we turned, considerably helping, in the first instance, those whom the potency of the major's cookery had rendered incompetent to turn into theirs. The morning came, and with it a pretty considerable quantity of headaches, while numberless anathemas were bestowed on the major's cooking propensities. In this case it certainly was not wine—"It was all the beef," as some one said. The major was the only one on whom the cookery had no visible effect, and he actually gloated over the sufferings of what he called a parcel of unseasoned hogheads. However, we gained our point and the major was turned out of the kitchen, except in the stewing department, for which we gave him an allowance of half a bottle of whisky and one of Madeira daily, and he supplied any deficiency he thought might exist with cayenne pepper. Having dressed, we lighted our cheeroots, and started on our ponies for the jungle, in which we had received intimation that a herd of elephants was feeding; each of us being armed with three or four double-barrelled guns, carried by natives, as in case of the first fire missing the mortal spot, there is generally time to take the second gun, and if not kill, at least turn the animal from you. The natives that carry the supererogatory guns are, for the most part, staunch, steady hands, and will not run unless in very imminent danger.

The old elephant finder having guided us to the jungle, lost no time in finding the

position the brutes had taken up; there were five females with as many young ones. To get within shooting distance of an elephant (and we never fire at them with any certainty of killing at above ten paces), it requires nearly as much caution as to get near a hare in her seat, going against the wind, &c. However, they scented us long before we could get at them in this instance, but unluckily for themselves, made a rush in the direction we were standing. They came down in a line. At the first shot from the major, we poured in our broadside (none of us except him had been out elephant-shooting before) and on the smoke clearing off, we found two of the beasts stretched dead on the ground. The major had killed one, but who killed the other, out of so many who fired with the same sized ball, would be no easy matter to find out. While re-loading, I observed something, about a dozen yards off in the bushes, and sincerely hoped it might prove to be a cheetah (much nobler game in Ceylon than the elephant) but I was disappointed; for on approaching, I found it to be the calf of one of the dead elephants, about two feet in height. I immediately secured him and walked him off prisoner of war. I kept this same youngster for nine months afterwards, but he grew up such a thief and dissipated character, clearing at times the whole of the bazaar, and rifling all the fruit shops &c., that I was obliged to have him destroyed.

We now agreed to separate, and make two parties, or we should never be able to identify the elephants each of us might kill. This we were not long in arranging. H. and myself, taking "a line of our own," were eventually the most fortunate of the party. We had scrambled on for about five miles in the midst of herds of deer, at which we dared not fire, for fear of alarming the elephants, when we espied an elephant not twenty yards off, standing in the jungle. He evidently saw us, and was in hopes that by remaining stationary, he might escape our observation, but his stars had fated otherwise, and on our coming to closer quarters, off he bolted at a long trot. H. fired—his right-hand barrel did its duty and the brute fell on its knees wounded. We ran up, put a ball through its head and finished it. I must own if ever I felt envious it was at the moment I saw the tail (the trophy we preserve of our game) find its way into his shooting-coat pocket. Elated by our success, we went forward with sanguine and sanguinary expectations of sport; nor were we disappointed. On emerging from the jungle we found a herd of fifty elephants feeding about a quarter of a mile before us. To get up to them, we used every possible means in our power, now creeping like snakes on our bellies, and now lying perfectly still for minutes together, until our exertions were crowned with success, and we rose at last within about eight yards of the whole herd. I fired at the head of the nearest animal, but he merely shook it, stared at me, and walked away, evidently disgusted at my daring impertinence, while I felt mortified above everything. My left barrel was still loaded, and the brutes were now in the most admired state of confusion, some retreating, others charging, until a noble fellow thought me worthy of his notice, and picking me out for single combat, came at me, steadying my back against a tree, with my gun at my shoulder, I let him come within six paces, when a slight pull of the forefinger sent an ounce ball into his brain, and he dropped dead at my feet. Never do I remember to have experienced such a moment of intense excitement as at the fall of that noble brute to my gun. It was a matter of life and death, as I could not retreat had I wished it, and had my gun missed fire I should never have lived to record this day's adventures. The others immediately took to the jungle, and the crash of fifty elephants rushing through a forest jungle beggars all description. We were now far from the bungalow, and the sun was beginning to get unpleasantly warm, so we turned our steps homewards,

in hopes of falling in with our *compagnons de chasse*. They had been nearly as fortunate as ourselves, and on emptying our pockets we mustered eight tails—fair sport for griffs at the work—and pale ale and cheroots was the first order of the day. Of that jolly party one has since fallen a victim to his zeal. My companion of the morning went out elephant shooting some months after, his gun missed fire in front of an elephant, and the brute transfixed him with his tusks. Poor boy he deserved a better fate!

A TRUE STORY OF FRENCH AFFECTION.

Two city officers entered the presence of the police magistrates, supporting a poor old woman, bent down and tottering under the weight of years. Her dress and other features in her appearance bespoke her to be a peasant, from some place in the environs of Paris. When seated on the bench in front of the judges, she declared her name to be Margaret Bouvier, though in a voice almost inaudible. Her age, she said, was seventy-eight years.

The presiding magistrate spoke some kind and sympathising words to the old woman, and when she seemed recovered, he said, "You have been found sleeping or lying in the street at an early hour this morning. What is the reason of this? Have you no home?" The old woman answered, "My time for a house is past, your worship. I slept in a bed whilst I could gain sufficient to pay for it. Now I can work none, and must just make my house where it costs nothing." "Can't you get admission," said the judge, "into some poorhouse or place of refuge?" "Oh," cried old Margaret eagerly, "if your worship could get me admitted into one of these places, you would make me perfectly happy!" These things do not depend upon this court," returned the judge; "but, good woman, you are now in a condition of vagrancy. That is a state of things which the law does not permit, but punishes severely." "Ah, well," said the woman, "since you cannot get me into an hospital, put me in prison. It is all the same; and I hope you will keep me there always if you can."

The judge was at a loss what to do with this contented vagrant. "Have you no friends?" said he, "who would reclaim you and take charge of you?" "The poor," replied the old woman, "have no friends but the poor, and all of them have enough of difficulty in making their own living." "But have you no relations, no children?" asked the magistrate. The old woman showed much emotion as she answered, "No, your worship; do not speak to me about this, but put me in prison quickly, is your pleasure."

"The mention of children seems to agitate you," observed the judge; "you are then a mother doubtless?" The aged female was now weeping, and she only answered, "Do not speak to me of it; allow me to forget it." It now struck the interrogator that the children had behaved cruelly to her, and turned her into the streets. He made a remark to this effect, but the old woman instantly exclaimed, "Oh, heaven! if one could tell all! my children turn me to the door, and refuse bread to their aged mother! Oh, good sir, who could think of crimes like these against my children, against my poor Juliette!" She then added, in a decided tone, "I wish for the prison, your worship. I have done that which ought to place me there, and it would not be right to liberate me." Do you then prefer to end your days in a prison or hospital, rather than among the children whom you love so much?" "That is nothing, your worship," said the female; but do not speak more about it. Send me quickly to prison, if you have any pity for old Margaret."

At this moment a voice from the side of the court exclaimed, "Ah, it is old Margaret, living and in the body. You headstrong old woman, what have you been about?" The surprised judge immediately

ordered the owner of the voice to stand forward, and he at once appeared, in the shape of a country waggoner, with blue frock and large buttons. Being questioned, this person stated that he knew dame Margaret well, and that she was the mother of Juliette Colas, who, with her husband and family, had been thrown into the deepest distress by the old woman's disappearance, fifteen days before, from their house, where she had long staid. The waggoner moreover stated, that he had brought Juliette Colas and her husband to town, and that they were the but a short way off, having come for the express purpose of lodging information about the old dame before the police. The judge ordered them to be sent for immediately.

When the old woman's son-in-law and daughter entered, the latter was so much affected by the sight of her lost parent that she would have sunk to the ground but for her husband's support. When she recovered, she exclaimed, "Ah, mother, cruel mother, what sufferings have you not caused us! To quit us, to disappear without a word!" The old woman, meanwhile, was endeavoring by the language of gestures to keep her friends quiet, and to persuade them not to interfere, but to go away and leave her to herself. "My children, my children," she whispered, "do not interfere here. Leave me to manage for myself." But the daughter cried, "What! leave you here alone—leave you to go to prison—you, our old mother! To go to prison at your age! You would have me permit this!" The judge stopped the daughter's exclamation, by saying, "She need not go to prison if you promise to lodge, to nourish and to take care of her." And has this been her demand here?" cried the daughter, somewhat reproachfully; while the husband said, "She knows that she will always have food, clothing and lodging—ay, and the best we have."

Old Margaret remained sorrowfully silent for a minute or two, and then addressed the magistrates with tears in her eyes: "Ah, my good judges, what is it you have done? It was that I might be no no longer a charge on them that I wished myself arrested. I know well that they will take me back; I know that they would ruin themselves for me; I know their hearts. But if you knew how poor they are! All that he can earn will barely feed them and their children. So when I saw Juliette place another little one in her husband's arms, fifteen days ago, I said to myself, 'Come, old woman, it is needful that you should go and make room for this poor little one. You are old, useless, and take all without giving anything; for their good, you must go.' I went away, and wandered till I was arrested. I wish to go to prison." "You shall not go, mother," cried the daughter. "Come away home, mother!" said the husband.

This scene, together with old Margaret's extraordinary motives, moved every spectator. The aged dame at length left the court, leaning on her daughter and son-in-law, but she still continued to repeat to them with tears, "Wicked, cruel children, why would you not let me go!"

A HINT TO TEA-DRINKERS.—The invaluable beverage, tea, sometimes produces injurious effects, more particularly green tea; and this arises from its containing a considerable quantity of free gallic acid. The fact may be rendered evident by adding to an infusion of the leaves a few drops of a solution of green copers, which will turn the liquid black. This acid is a powerful astringent, and in peculiar habits is productive of much inconvenience. To prevent any evil effects, a few grains of carbonate of soda, mixed with the tea, will be found an infallible specific. The acid and alkali by their union form a neutral salt of mild but effective virtues. The quantity of acid contained in tea may be fairly estimated by noticing the effervescence which occurs when carbonate of soda is added to the infusion. The deep color of the latter is greatly increased by the alkali, and its taste is not only unimpaired by it, but some think actually improved.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SNAKES AND THEIR PREY.—I was out shooting, (writes a gentleman resident in the colony of Port Natal to a friend in England,) and observing an orbeo, (a small red buck,) I endeavored to approach to secure a shot, and making a circuit, I thought I might venture to look out and see the whereabouts of my intended game. What was my surprise when I found that the animal had not moved since I first saw it, and was then standing in a peculiar attitude, perfectly motionless, and not twenty yards from me. These little creatures have extraordinary sight, and are very timid, rendering it difficult to approach within a hundred yards, unless you surprise them while sleeping in long grass. I stood watching the buck for some time, at first supposing it to be sick. I then thought I would see how near I could get; and, there being an ant-heap close beside the buck, I approached, and on looking over the mound, saw the head of a large box-constructor lying just out of a hole under the heap, and the buck stood with its head turned on one side, in an awkward position, gazing intently on its deadly enemy, and not in the least aware of my vicinity. I retreated cautiously, fearing to break the spell, and wishing to watch the last act in this singular mesmeric drama.

The buck must have remained at least five minutes in this transfixed position, the hair of its back erect, its eye dilated, and its attitude stiff and unnatural. Suddenly I saw it on the ground, the thick black coils of the boa enfolding its body and legs. I fired instantly, and the reptile slowly unwound itself, compelled to succumb to a power more terrible than his own. My gun has one barrel rifled, and caused a smooth bore for shot. I measured the snake, and found its length to be eighteen feet and nine inches.

The eye of the boa is very peculiar while mesmerizing its prey; it appears to emit flame. It may be compared to an anæsthetic, or ruby, or both, with an emerald stuck together, and rapidly revolving in the sun.

Its mouth was closed, or nearly so, and its long tongue darting from side to side, as if in greedy anticipation of the dish of venison which awaited its devouring jaws.

On another occasion I watched a smaller boa, about eight feet long, whilst engaged in the act of swallowing a fowl. It first seized the head, and appeared to swallow with great difficulty, making convulsive efforts, observable from the tail upward. After some hard struggles the head and neck of the fowl disappeared, but the wings, being extended, presented rather a serious impediment to further proceedings, and I was curious to see how the snake would get over his difficulties—for even a juggler would be nonplussed if required to swallow knives and forks *crossways*—and I soon found that he was quite equal to the emergency. After a series of painful efforts, tantalizing, doubtless, to a hungry boa, the reptile brought his tail to the rescue. Extremes met, and folding the wings together, he at last forced the body of the fowl between his jaws. He now, however, seemed to have got himself into a greater fix than ever. The distention caused his neck to appear only as thick as my thumb, and from the form and setting of his teeth, he could not disgorge his Brobdingnag mouthful, and I began to think that his snakehood had rather more than he knew what to do with.

Not a bit of it. After resting a minute or two, he coiled round his distended jaws, and commenced an ingenious mode of compression, beginning at his head and working downward along the neck and body—stiffening himself as you would a sausage—till he had completed his extraordinary manoeuvre of deglutition, he whole operation lasted about twenty minutes, and, I must confess, seemed anything at a gratifying mode of appeasing the animal appetite.

I captured this boa, and kept him some time in a cage, and ultimately gave him to a friend who was proceeding to Cape Town.

The skin of the boa, and that also of the inano, (a large water-lizard,) make beautiful, fit, and very durable slippers.

THE BEAR AT SCHOOL.—The private journal of a traveller lately returning from North America to Paris contains the following story:—In New Hampshire, on the northern orders of the United States, a peculiar species of bear is found, black in color, small in size, and in general of a peaceable disposition. These animals live on wild honey and

fruits, and never attack man or the lesser animals, excepting when pressed by hunger in the very severe winters. One one occasion, some years ago, a boy found a very young bear-pup near Lake Winnipeg, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog. Every day its youthful captor had to go to a school at some distance, and by degrees the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance, but ere long it became their regular play-fellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions which they brought for their day's sustenance in small bags. After two years of civilization, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval changes had occurred about the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the schoolmistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half open on his re-entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in. The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly off as far as possible, and hide behind the tables and benches.

But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fireplace and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process. He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet, he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit, and other eatables therein contained. He next tried the schoolmistress' desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up again to the fire, and after a few minutes' stay before it, he walked himself finally out by the way he came.

As soon as the schoolmistress and her pupils had courage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbors. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and as its track was perfectly visible in the snow, they soon came up with it and killed it. Then it was that, by certain marks upon its skin, some of its pursuers recognized in the poor bear no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent schooldays. Great regret was felt for the death of the creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.

SHOWERS OF FROGS.—A shower of fishes has ceased to be a phenomenon, but a descent of living frogs from the clouds is rather a formidable dispensation. Such has taken place, however, more than once in France, as the following extract from L'Institut, 166, attests:

"Several notices have lately been brought before the French Academy, of showers of frogs having fallen at different times in different parts of France. Professor Pontus, of Cahors, states, that in the month of August, 1804, while distant three leagues from Toulouse, the sky being clear, suddenly a very thick cloud covered the horizon, and thunder and lightning came on. The cloud burst over the road about sixty toises (384 feet) from the place where M. Pontus was. Two gentlemen returning from Toulouse were surprised by being exposed not only to a storm, but to a shower of frogs. Pontus states that he saw the young frogs on their cloaks. When the diligence in which he was traveling arrived at the place where the storm burst, the road, and the fields alongside of it, were observed full of frogs, which equaled in bulk from one to two cubic inches, and consisted of three or four layers, placed one above the other. The feet of the horses and the wheels of the carriage killed thousands. The diligence traveled for a quarter of an hour at least along this living road, the horses being at a trot.

THE REWARD OF HONEST NEWSPEAPER SUBSCRIBERS.—Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a post-coach. He was a young man just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey-headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distin-

guished his fellow-passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of long life and the art of making old age comfortable. He first addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, who said that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of life. He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying he had eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly drunk for seventy years—adding, that all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office; the fourth by resolutely abstaining from political or religious controversies, and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five; his hair was less grey and there was more of it; a placid smile, denoting a perfectly upright conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How!" exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life? Where there is one wrinkle on your brow, there are fifteen on that of each of your juniors. Tell me, I pray, your secret of long life." "It is no mystery," said the old man; "I have drunk water and wine; I have eaten meat and have eaten vegetables; I have held a public office; I have dabbled in politics and have written religious pamphlets; I have sometimes gone to bed at sunset and sometimes at midnight; got up at sunrise and at noon; but—I always paid promptly for my newspapers."

THE WALTZING BEAR.—In the end of the year 1887, a scene took place at Czerny, in Bohemia, which might be remembered with considerable advantage at this particular time when there is a growing passion for the exhibition of wild beasts on public stages. A Bohemian manager of a theatre, having heard of the immense success attending representations where real dogs, elephants, monkeys, &c., were introduced, bethought himself of trying to turn a bear to account in his own dramatic temple. Accordingly, he got his literary assistant to compose a little melodrama, in which all was made subservient to the operations of a trained bear which the manager had got hold of. The plot ran thus: A dethroned king having fled to the mountain, fell in with a bear that had been wounded by the hunters. Androcles-like, the monarch relieved the bear of his pain, and thus acquired its warmest gratitude. The feats of agility performed by the bear, several dances by him and the savages, or rather peasants, with a due allowance of thunder and particular flames, formed the leading attractions of the piece. It was beyond measure successful. Everybody admired the docility of Bruin, his agility in climbing, and his grace in a closing waltz with a young peasant girl. After a run of several nights, however, the bear seemed on one evening disinclined to his work. The star of the night—Ursa Major—appeared desirous to withdraw its light. But by dint of energetic remonstrances at the side-scenes, he was got to move on till the appointed time for the waltz. He stood up with his fair partner, and began to advance and retreat very elegantly. The audience were in raptures. They stood up on the seats to see more perfectly. All at once a shriek burst from the stage. All who were upon it fled, and the first to be off was the partner of the bear. The spectators were not alarmed at first at this, thinking it a part of the usual performance; but they speedily saw their error when the bear turned round and moved forward to the front part of the stage, with the muzzle, which formed the wonted protection against his freaks, hanging loose from his neck. Off went the musicians in one instant, and off the shrieking audience tried to go also. The crush was terrible. Many were trampled down and seriously hurt. At length all the lower part of the theatre was cleared without any injury inflicted by Bruin, who continued, meanwhile, to the unspeakable horror of those who were hindmost in the crush, to cross from the stage to the pit benches. There he lay quietly down to sleep, and there he was quietly muzzled some time afterward by his keepers.

On account of the alarm and confusions received on this occasion, the authorities interfered, and the Great Bear never starred it again in the theatre of Czerny.

FACETIÆ.

A SOVEREIGN "SELL."—A showman was making a great bawl at the front of his exhibition of the wonders he had to show. A man standing in the crowd with a little boy beside him, cried out, "I'll bet you a sovereign you cannot let me see a lion." "Done," said the showman, eagerly; "put down your money." The man placed a sovereign in the hand of a bystander, and the showman did the same. "Now, walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you." "There!" said the showman, triumphantly. "Look in that corner, at that beautiful Numidian lion." "I don't see any," responded the other. "What's the matter with you?" asked the showman. "I'm blind," was the grinning reply, and in a few minutes the blind man pocketed the two sovereigns and went his way.

MARKET REPORTS.—Mrs. Partington says she can't understand these 'ere market reports. She can understand how cheese can be lively, and pork can be active, and feathers drooping—that is, if it's raining; but how whisky can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see; neither how lard can be firm in warm weather, nor flour unsettled, nor potatoes depressed, nor flour rising—lest there had been yeast put in it—sometimes it would not rise then.

A REMARKABLE FACT.—Health is getting to be vulgar, and is considered principally to seal virtue. No "lady" can possibly be guilty to "being well," without losing caste. Spinal complaints are just now in the ascendant—no female being considered "good society" who has sufficient strength to raise a smoothing iron.

AN ORIGINAL RETORT.—A lady refused her lover's request that she would give him her portrait. "Ah, it matters not," he replied; "when blessed with an original, who cares for the copy?" The lady, both ignorant and indignant, retorted, "I don't think myself more original than anybody else."

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.—"Marm, mayn't I go and play horse to-day?" "No, my child, you must stay in the house." "Now, look here, marm, if you don't let me, I'll go and catch the measles—I know a big boy that's got em, prime!"

ORIGIN OF MASSACHUSETTS.—An old negro at Cape Cod, whenever his master required any thing of him, would exclaim, "Massa choose it." Thence, in time, the name of Massachusetts.

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plate full from a newly-opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite, they will go a great deal further." Brown did not ask for any more.

A young man who had spent a little of his own time and a great deal of his father's money in reading for the bar, was asked after his examination how he got along. "Very well," said he, "I answered one question right." "An, indeed," said the old gentleman; "and what was that?" "They asked me what a *qui tam* action was, and I told them I didn't know."

"How shall I get rid of my troublesome suitor?" inquired a young lady.

"Oh, marry him."

"I would see him hanged first."

"No, marry him," said her spiteful brother, "and he will be sure to hang himself soon enough."

A jurymen was asked whether he had been charged by the judge. "Well, said he, 'the little fellow who sits up in the pulpit and stares over the crowd, gin us a lecture, but I don't know whether he charges anything or not.'"

It is said to be dangerous to be working with a sewing machine near a window when there is a thunder-storm, because it is also less dangerous to sit near some sewing machines when there is no thunderstorm.

A young man at Hoboken having been crossed in love, walked out to the beach, took off his clothes, gave one lingering look at the water, and then went—home! His body was found next morning in bed!

Passing along, a youth tore his coat on a nail in a barrel—seeing which, he struck an attitude, and exclaimed, "See what a rent the evens have made!"

"Mother, I wish my doll was realized," said a little girl. "Why, what do you mean?" asked her mother. "Why," she replied, "she has only glass eyes—I want her to have real ones."

A young girl recently married a stranger, alleging that she should have plenty of time to become acquainted with him afterwards.

Mrs. Partington protests that the only woman she can't forgive is the one whom she hears spoken of as Polly-Gauzy.

We suppose that a man who never speaks, may be said always to keep his word.

According to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon ball.

If oranges can be purchased for a penny a piece, how much would a whole one cost?

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND STILL COMPREHENSIVE OF
A FRENCH INVASION.

Ammunition and Coal for the French Navy.

Movements for Political Reforms in Austria.

AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.

Our latest intelligence from Europe is up to the 4th inst. The following are the main features of the news:

IRELAND.

THE ORANGE RIOTS AT KINSALE.—The double investigation into these riots has been brought to a close. The evidence discovers, as is usual in all such cases, "faults on both sides." Excluding altogether from consideration the transactions of the 9th, 10th and 11th of July, which scarcely deserved notice, except as explanatory of the affair of the 12th, we have the following misadventures established against the Antrim militia: That they assaulted a priest in the street about 5 o'clock on the evening of the 12th, and that a party of them, headed by a sergeant, whose name (if correctly given to Head Constable Gaile) is Porter, went through the town breaking windows with drawn bayonets. This is the party from whom Mr. Inspector Hadnett discreetly withdrew his men when he saw them coming down the hill with drawn bayonets, "yelling," thereby sparing bloodshed; for had he stood his ground and opposed them, there would probably have ensued a bloody conflict between them and the police. They broke 1,077 panes of glass in 128 houses, 28 being the houses of Protestants. Against the townspeople it has been proved that they reviled the Antrim militiamen on several occasions as "bloody Orangemen;" that between 3 and 5 o'clock on the 12th they attacked with sticks in a cowardly manner several men of the regiment, whom they encountered in different parts of the town, and who were only out for recreation, and this before the window breaking. These assaults were probably committed under the excitement produced by the attack on the priest, in which these scattered men had not the smallest share. It was the sight of some of these wounded men coming into barracks with their heads out and their faces covered with blood that provoked the window breaking. Others had taken refuge in different places in town, where they kindly found protection from "Papists," which protection two of them acknowledged on Wednesday. The injuries suffered by the militiamen in this way were very severe, and three of them were dangerously ill. The personal injuries, on the contrary, suffered by the townspeople were very few and of a trifling character. Not one of them went into hospital in consequence.

[Cork Reporter.]

THE KERRY PHOENIX TRIALS.—THURSDAY EVENING.—Judge Keogh opened the assizes in the Crown Court, at ten o'clock to-day. There was a large attendance of jurors, &c.

Florence and J. D. Sullivan, the prisoners in jail since last assizes, having been put to the bar, Mr. E. Sullivan, Q. C., in their behalf, withdrew the plea of "not guilty," and pleaded "guilty," hoping to be favorably considered.

The Attorney-General said he would deal leniently with them, and he would permit them to stand out on their own recognizances. He said he was obliged to take this course because of their voluntary submission and confessing their error, and their previously unimpeached characters, also by the remarkably tranquil state of the country, the fact that the conspiracy did not originate with the prisoners, nor in that county, that it had already ceased to exist in Kerry, and that the Catholic bishop and clergy, the gentry and the people of all classes had assisted to put it down. Kerry has always borne a high character for the peace and good order of its people, and he hoped it would continue to maintain that character. The prisoners, he had no doubt, had been members of the most ridiculous, but not the less wicked combination, the Phoenix Society formed in the name of liberty in the freest country in the world.

Judge Keogh then expressed his full concurrence in all that had been said and done by the Attorney General in this matter.

The same rule was then made as to all Phoenix cases in Kerry.

There are only four cases for trial.

THE GALWAY PACKET STATION.—The Times at last confesses that the "row" got up by the present government against the concession to Galway by the late Cabinet, is entirely owing to the jealous feeling which suggests that a Transatlantic Packet Station in Ireland is not either a useful or a desirable matter. Irish trade, Irish commerce, Irish interests, are to be sacrificed at the shrine of English monopoly and English centralization, if the present

men can effect that object. The disgraceful attempt is, however, beginning to be understood in Ireland, and already the several counties are taking measures to arouse their representatives to a proper sense of their position, and to make them act for their country and not as the mere tools of party. This movement on the part of the counties, will, we are certain, be warmly responded to by the Irish representatives. The following resolution was unanimously adopted by the King's County Grand Jury at the present assizes:

"That the representatives of this county be requested to give every opposition in their places in Parliament to the attempt now being made to annul the postal contract granted to the Galway Transatlantic line of steamers, an attempt which, if successful, would inflict a severe blow on the commercial progress of all parts of the kingdom." For self and fellows,
J. C. WESTERNA, FOREMAN.

FUNERAL OF HENRY GRATAN, ESQ.—The mortal remains of the last of the male descendants of Gratton were deposited on Thursday in their final resting place in the family vault, Celbridge Churchyard. The remains were removed on Wednesday from Clara, County Wicklow (where Mr. Gratton expired), followed by the tenantry of the estate and the people of the district, and as the sad cortege proceeded on its way, it was joined by crowds of the tenant farmers of Wicklow. The procession halted on arriving at Tinnahinch, the favorite residence of the illustrious father of the deceased, and holy ground, because it was the scene wherein were passed, in the bosom of his family, the happiest hours in the life of the inspired tribune. The cortege proceeded to Rathfarnham, passing through Tallaght, Rathcoole and Newcastle to Celbridge Abbey, where it arrived on Wednesday night at 11 o'clock. The remains were contained in a massive Irish oak coffin, highly polished and ornamented with gilt mountings, and bearing a burnished shield, on the lid of which was inscribed:

HENRY GRATAN, ESQ.,

Born April 26th, 1787.

Died July 16th, 1859.

The coffin was placed in a chamber hung with black, and lit by funeral wax-lights. The time fixed for the departure of the funeral was 10 o'clock, but it did not leave for nearly an hour afterwards. The tenantry from the estates in Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare and Queen's Counties wore white scarfs and hatbands, as did also the gentlemen who came from town to attend the funeral. The immediate friends and relatives of the departed wore black silk mourning insignia. Among those present were Rev. Sir C. Bellew, Bart., S. J.; Lord William Fitzgerald, Sir Reginald Barnewall, Bart.; Rev. Mr. Byrne, P. C.; Col. James A. Dease, Esq., Turbotstown; Rev. Mr. Folan, O. S. D., Galway; J. J. Gunning, Esq., Headfort; Rev. Mr. Pakenham, Protestant Rector; Rev. Mr. Mannsell, Joseph Lyons, Esq., J. P.; J. Mannsell, Esq., R. Mannsell, Esq., &c. The chief mourners were Charles Langdale, Esq., Captain Bellew, Edward Dease, Esq., sons-in-law of the deceased; Judge Berwick and Colonel Latouche. The procession moved in the direction of the town, and then proceeded to the churchyard, where the funeral service was read by the rector, Rev. Mr. Pakenham, after which the coffin was deposited in the family vault, and the crowd slowly and silently withdrew. Thus has passed away from among us the last of the sons of an honored sire—one who had inherited ardent patriotism, sterling honor and an unquenchable love of liberty from his great father, and who, perhaps, suffered in contrast, as the sons of all great men, with three exceptions, have suffered, but he was never denied the merit of being a stern and uncompromising upholder of the rights of his country, and a denouncer, in precept and example, of the oppressors of the people. The funeral arrangements were conducted with appropriate decorum and care by Mr. W. C. Mannell, of Camden street. We understand that the large estate of Mr. Gratton, amounting to at least £18,000 a year, have been disposed of as follows between his three daughters: Mrs. Bellew inherits the Queen's County estate, Mrs. Langdale comes in for the estates in Dublin and Kildare, and on the demise of Mrs. Gratton the Wicklow estates will revert to Mrs. Dease. [Dublin Freeman.]

THE "REVIVALS" IN BELFAST.—KIDNAPING CATHOLIC CHILDREN.—Mr. Curran appeared before the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, at his lodgings in Maryborough, immediately after his return from Tullamore, and made a novel application to him for a *habeas corpus* in the case of a child named Margaret Magee, who had been inveigled to the house of a Presbyterian minister in Belfast, as sworn to in the affidavit of the child's mother. The following is the substance of the affidavit of Mrs. Magee: Her maiden

name was Rice, and she married a person named William Magee; they lived at No. 6 Johnson's place, Belfast; her husband died; they were Roman Catholics, as were also their father and mother; they had a daughter, who was born in the month of September, 1846, and was baptized a Roman Catholic; on Saturday, the 9th inst., she (Mrs. Magee) was engaged to work in the house of Mr. Irwin of Belfast; having left her daughter at home, she found on her return that she had left the place, and, until the Tuesday following, she did not see her, and that day she saw her coming out of the house of Rev. H. Hanna, Presbyterian minister in Belfast, with a Bible in her hand; she (the daughter) stated that the Bible had been given to her by a Mr. Dixon; she (Mrs. Magee) requested her to return the Bible and return home with her, whereupon she (the daughter) screamed and bawled; she was carried into the meeting-house, and persons remonstrated with her (Mrs. Magee) for having interfered with the child. However, the child was sent home on a car, and next morning was visited by one of the Roman Catholic clergymen of Belfast, with whom she remained till Friday, the 15th inst., when Mrs. Magee went to her religious duties in St. Mary's Chapel, Belfast, and upon her return found her daughter was taken away; for some time she was missing, and at last she found her; Mr. Hanna called upon her and informed her that the child had come home, and was staying with him; she replied that her child should be returned to her, and Mr. Hanna promised to allow her to see the child at 4 o'clock that day. Accordingly at that hour she went to the house at Donegal place and saw the child, and Mr. Hanna consented to give her up provided she (Mrs. Magee) would allow her to attend the meeting-house; this she declined doing, and Mr. Hanna told her that she was to be returned to her, and it was not her (the child's) duty to return unless she would consent to her becoming a Protestant and attend his meeting-house; she was, he said, in his custody, and upon no other terms would he part with her; he (Mr. Hanna) added that Roman Catholics worshipped images, and that she would be asked how she would like that any person should any of his children, and observed that not one of the Roman Catholic clergy would do so; he replied that the priests kidnapped children from other countries; she then called him a rascal, and left his house without her child; upon the evening of the same day she returned to the house of Mr. Hanna, who was absent; she remained there awaiting his return, and when he arrived she again demanded her child, but he refused to give her up except upon the aforesaid conditions. Under these circumstances she applied to his lordship for a *habeas corpus*, or a conditional order for *habeas corpus*, the said child, and her child, in order that she might continue to educate her in the faith of her husband and her own.

The Lord Chief Justice said that there was no reason why an absolute order should not be made, and notice served on Rev. Mr. Hanna to bring up the child to his (Chief Justice's) house at 1 o'clock on the 8th of August. [Dublin Freeman.]

THE END OF THE EMBROIDERED PROCLAMATION.—The Phoenix trials at Tralee have ended, like the Italian war, in a compromise. The accused, after eight months' imprisonment, and after the experience of packed juries and partisan judges, adopted the advice tendered by their legal advocates, and withdrew their plea of not guilty. Whereupon the Attorney General, most properly and equitably consented to have them allowed to stand on their own recognizances, undertaking that they shall not be called up for judgment so long as they deport themselves as peaceful and loyal subjects. Considering the malignant efforts made to create a prejudice against those who were accused of a political offence, and who, as the Attorney General most freely admitted, were of "unimpeachable character," we think this result will be considered satisfactory by the public of all shades of political feelings. The conduct of the late Tory Government, in the matter of these Phoenix prosecutions, was undoubtedly a foul blot on the administration of justice in Ireland, and one the effects of which will be long felt. The present Government have done much by the course they have adopted with regard to those needless and oppressive prosecutions, to remedy the mischief caused by their predecessors. The Attorney General and the learned judge, indeed, spoke as if the compromise plea put in by the traversers, acting upon the advice of their counsel, was to be taken as a real confession of guilt, but every one will understand that this was a mere legal conventionality, which was needed to relieve the Government from the embarrassing necessity of crying out against a policy which they knew to be unjust and oppressive.

[London Daily News.]

THE IRISH HIERARCHY AND THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.—The Dublin correspondent of The London Times on the 2d of August, says: The names, styles and titles of two dozen

out of the twenty-eight prelates forming the Irish hierarchy are chronicled among the Dublin arrivals yesterday, and the rear guard may be expected this morning, preparatory to the general muster at Dr. Cullen's to-day. To say that the most reverend and right reverend body are about to meet for the purpose of deliberating upon the education question would be absurd. The scheme is foredoomed. They come from the quarters of the kingdom to denounce, not to argue, and if among the twenty-eight prelates but one voice should pronounce in favor of the system which has had nearly thirty years' trial, people outside the Episcopal circle will be agreeably surprised.

ENGLAND.

Some serious strikes were occurring in London. The carpenters were demanding a reduction in the hours of labor, and the employees of the gas companies were demanding increased wages, and for some time London was in danger of being left in total darkness.

In consequence of the difficulty experienced by many of the agriculturists in Kent, England, in obtaining a sufficient number of hands for reaping operations, owing to the great scarcity of labor, several of the farmers in the neighborhood of Chatham have made most urgent applications to the military authorities to allow a number of the troops now quartered in that garrison to be employed for a short time in assisting to get in the harvest. The authorities have granted the application, and orders have been forwarded to the Major General commanding at Chatham giving permission for a large number of the troops belonging to the three battalions of infantry to be placed at the disposal of those farmers who may require their services. The troops are to be paid regular wages, which will be approved by the military authorities, and none but men of the best character will be allowed to be employed in this description of labor.

On the 20th, in the House of Commons, sundry questions were put to the Government on the subject of naval armaments and national defenses.

Lord Palmerston said that he did not think it possible for England to enter into an agreement with the other Powers for the arithmetical reduction of her military and naval establishments, her position being totally different.

Mr. Horsman moved a resolution that the expenses of completing the works of defence be met by a fund specially provided for the purpose, independent of Parliamentary votes.

Mr. Sidney Herbert and Lord Palmerston objected.

Mr. Cobden deprecated this unnatural alarm as an actual incentive to war, and ridiculed the idea of invasion by France.

Mr. Horsman's motion was rejected by 97 majority.

The London Herald of the 1st inst. gives the following:

"We have reason to believe that Mr. Dallas has recently placed in the hands of Lord John Russell a dispatch from Washington, in which it is stated that the United States Government have resolved to abandon privateering, and thus to accept the declaration respecting this portion of maritime law agreed upon at the Congress at Paris in 1856."

There is not a word of truth in this statement.

FRANCE.

The projected reduction of the army and navy continued to occupy the attention of the press, both of France and England. A correspondent of The London Herald says: "coals and emannation were being stored at Cherbourg and Brest to a great extent, and the port at Cherbourg was being armed with the rifled guns. There are to be two days *fete* in Paris. The troops make their entry on the 14th."

A camp of 80,000 men was being formed at St. Maur, near Paris.

The Moniteur's announcement of the projected disarmament caused great excitement and a rise of one per cent. on the Bourse. This, however, was subsequently half lost. It closes on the 20th at 68 1/2.

All the Paris papers of July 20 publish the text of the preliminaries of the peace agreed upon and signed at Villafranca, by the Emperors Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph. It is as follows:

Between His Majesty the Emperor of Austria and His Majesty the Emperor of France, it has been agreed as follows:

The two Sovereigns will favor the creation of an Italian Confederation.

The confederation shall be under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father.

The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of the French his rights on Lombard with the exception of the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, so that the frontier of the Austrian possessions should not start from the

extreme range of the fortress of Peschiera, and should extend in a direct line along the Mincio as far as Gaziolo; from thence to Scorzolo and Luzana to the Po, from whence the actual frontiers shall continue to form the limits of Austria. The Emperor of the French will hand over (*cédant*) the ceded territory to the King of Sardinia.

Venetia shall form part of the Italian Confederation, though remaining under the crown of the Emperor of Austria.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena (shall) return to their States, granting a general amnesty.

The two Emperors will ask the Holy Father to introduce indispensable reforms into his States.

A full and complete amnesty is granted on both sides to persons compromised in the late events in the territories of the belligerent parties.

DONE at Villafranca, the 11th July, 1859.
LATEST FROM PARIS—PARIS, August 9.—The Paris Patrie of last evening says it is asserted that the ships of the division, *Fouquier*, the armament of which have just been completed at Brest, are to be placed in a *pièce de construction*. It is also reported that the same order applies to four frigates and four vessels of the squadron of Admiral Boët Villaneuve. The squadron of the Adriatic had entered Toulon.

ITALY.
The Government of Modena by its new electoral law, has fixed the number of deputies to be elected at 73.

Advices have been received from Rome, at Marseilles, on the 31st ult. The Duc de Gramont has been summoned to Paris, in order to confer with the Emperor, and has already taken his departure. Another extraordinary meeting of the Cardinals has taken place. A list of new ministers is circulating.

A funeral sermon was celebrated in Rome, on the 26th ult., in the Church of St. Louis des Français, by order of General de Goyon, for the souls of the French who fell during the late war.

The abdication of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in favor of his son, is officially confirmed.

The Nord denies that any French troops are to occupy the Duchies. Those who are at Rome will remain for the present where they are. Nowhere else will there be any intervention in Italy.

The London Times quotes a letter from Milan, which states that the extreme party is beginning to agitate, and it is possible Venice may rise in insurrection.

A letter from the Valtellina says that, on hearing of the preliminaries to the peace, Garibaldi offered the resignation of himself and all his officers to the King of Sardinia, but that he refused them.

The Government of the Romagna has adopted the Code Napoleon.

AUSTRIA.
VIENNA, Sunday, July 24.
The Austrian Correspondence publishes an energetic article concerning the circular recently addressed by the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron von Schleinitz, to the Prussian Embassy in Germany, and endeavors to prove, by a combination of facts, the correctness of the statements contained in the Imperial manifesto.

The London Herald says the Emperor of Austria has addressed an autograph letter to the Archduke Governor of the Tyrol, expressing his thanks to the Tyroleans for the proofs of patriotism they have lately given.

The Austrian War Department has decided that the first army shall be maintained at 200,000 men. Its effective strength is estimated at 200,000 men. The other corps are on their march to their former cantonments in Galicia and Hungary.

A Paris correspondent of The Independence speaks of the projects of reform entertained by the Emperor of Austria:

* All the provincial councils of the empire are to be convoked simultaneously, in order to answer a series of questions on the ameliorations which they may think necessary in the internal government of the state, and especially in the provincial organization. Contrary to the usual practice, no programme will be given for the proceedings of the councils, but they will have complete liberty in their deliberations, and may make known openly and sincerely to the Emperor the wants and wishes of the populations. Such a project is worthy of all commendation. As to a change in the financial system, and especially in the mode of keeping the public accounts, there is some hesitation. There was some idea of adopting the French system of accounts, which is acknowledged to be excellent, but it appears that the present system has great similarity to that used in France; so that nothing has been as yet decided on that point. The financial embarrassments are extreme, and there is a rumor of a radical measure which will soon be laid before the Emperor. The experience of the late war has proved that some services of the army—the commis-

sariat and artillery, for instance—are not exactly what they should be. Important reforms will be made, and I have reason to know that Austrian officers are at present in England for the purpose of studying the English system of artillery, and examining the famous Armstrong cannons."

RUSSIA.

The project of effecting a junction between the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Azoff, says a letter from St. Petersburg, is now the subject of much conversation here, and will soon, it is thought be realized. This was a favorite scheme of Peter the Great, whose genius clearly saw the immense advantage which must accrue to Russian commerce if this great inland sea could be connected with the Sea of Azoff, and thereby with the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR AND OF THE PEACE.

THE EMPEROR AND THE ZOUAVE.—A young Zouave of Saillans, Drome, of the name of Magnet, who was wounded at Palestro, has addressed to his parents the following letter, dated Verceili, the 16th ult. :—The newspapers will perhaps precede me in announcing to you the unexampled honor which, in the midst of an immense population, I have received from the hands of our august sovereign, Napoleon III. Having learned that his Majesty was about to pass through Verceili on his way back to France, I hastened to dress myself, and leaning on my stick—I have already been able to put aside my crutches—I went towards the railway station. The good inhabitants of Verceili, who had collected in a crowd at the station, appeared to take pleasure in letting me pass; so that I had little difficulty in reaching the spot at which the Emperor was about to stop to take refreshments. Scarcely had I arrived when the Imperial train arrived. The Emperor was accompanied by the King of Sardinia, and their Majesties were greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers. After having received the congratulations of the authorities, the Emperor cast a glance around him, and saluted the people graciously. I had the good fortune to be noticed by his Majesty, and he made a sign to me to approach the railway carriage. "Zouave," said he, "you are wounded?" Yes, sire. "In what battle?" "In the combat of Palestro, sire." "What wound did you receive?" "It was in the leg, sire," and I showed him the holes in my trousers made by three bullets. "You are getting better." "Yes, sire, I am beginning to walk without much difficulty." Then he made a sign for me to approach still nearer; and in the midst of the immense crowd, the Emperor, taking from his breast the decoration which he wore, placed it with his own hand on mine, saying: "Take that whilst waiting till something better comes." Immediately I was on my feet, and on every side, and two large tears rolled down my cheeks. Those tears and my looks alone expressed my gratitude, for I could not speak. The Emperor understood me, and held out his hand. I pressed it with emotion. A not less striking scene followed, when the Imperial train had long since departed. The authorities and high personages of the town collected around me to offer their congratulations, and each insisted on shaking me by the hand. But what was still more striking was that the Bishop of Verceili, a venerable old man with white hair, came up, and clasping my hand, said: "Zouave, you must come to the palace and dine with me." I thanked him sincerely, but said that I must return to the hospital. He, however, would not hear me, but made me get into his carriage by his side, and I sat near him at dinner, many of the first persons in the place being present.

FIELD-MARSHAL NUGENT.—Field-Marshal Nugent was the last man to leave the place, and I have from a French officer the following anecdote respecting him:—As the Austrians were seen crowning the heights southeast from Cavriana, preparatory to their final retreat, Louis Napoleon inquired of his staff whether any one had certain knowledge that Cavriana was evacuated. The reply was that it must still be occupied, because an old and weather-beaten officer, in a glazed cocked hat and a military cloak, had just been seen in the streets riding about on a pony, and accompanied by an aid-de-camp. At the Emperor's request, an officer with an escort went forward to report upon the state of Cavriana. He returned a quarter of an hour after, and informed the Emperor that the old General in the cocked hat was still in the streets of Cavriana, but that no one else was visible. The truth is, that Marshal Nugent was at that moment perfectly alone in the streets of the village.

THE AUSTRIAN PRISONERS AT ALGIERES.—The following address was delivered by General Yusef to the Austrian prisoners the day after their arrival at Algiers:—"Soldiers!—The fortune of war has sent you among us. Be welcome! It is not an enemy that receives you. We know how brave you are, and it is as brothers in arms that we welcome you. We will do our utmost to alleviate your absence from your country, and we will treat you as we do ourselves. The soldiers who are around you are not your guards. They are there to keep the importunate away from you, and to aid you whenever you need it; for you are free to come and go, and to preserve you from the enemy of inefficiency, if any among you desire it, they will find work for which they will be amply paid. Such is the will of the Emperor, and the feeling that inspires every French soldier."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT SOLFERINO.—It has been asked since the battle why the Emperor of Austria advanced no nearer to the battlefield than the Roccolo. The truth is, that had Francis Joseph been master of his own movements, he would have been not only in closer proximity to the enemy, but he would probably have gone into action, whence it is possible he might never have returned. When he served under Radetzky, it was often the duty of the stern old Marshal to curb his future Emperor's martial propensities, and Field-Marshal Hess had to use the authority of his age and experience to keep the ardor of the youthful Emperor in check. It was not till the sharp buzz of musket-balls over the Roccolo, and the cracking of French shrapnel became more and more dangerous, that the Emperor was induced to leave Cavriana; and at a later period of the day General Schlick had to use the utmost persuasion to force his Sovereign from Madonna del Pieve, which at last became the object upon which the whole French fire was concentrated.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

For the following, we are indebted to The London Weekly Register:

There is, perhaps, no living object on which so much calumny has been vented by Protestant and revolutionary malice as the illustrious Cardinal Secretary of State of the Pontifical Government. Not only have his Eminence's political views been often reviled, often grossly misrepresented, but the malignant tongue of slander has incessantly traduced his personal character, and poured its blackest venom upon the spotless purity of his private life. So unscrupulous, so bitter and indecent have been the assaults upon this illustrious Prince of the Church and great Minister—the ablest statesman, probably, of our time—that even his origin and his early career have been maliciously misrepresented to create prejudices against him, abroad, and thus to prepare the minds of strangers for the reception of those infamous calumnies which have been so freely circulated against his Eminence through the Protestant and revolutionary journals of Europe, but especially, we regret to add, through those of England.

Cardinal Antonelli is naturally an object of hate to all the enemies of order and of the Holy See, for his principles, (the fruit of the calm reflection of a great mind, and not the results of sudden excitement or transitory feeling,) are strongly monarchical, and, of course, wholly opposed to revolutionary schemes and the turbulence of sedition, which, as the confidential Minister of the Sovereign Pontiff, it has been his duty and his weary business incessantly to counteract and firmly to resist. His lot has been cast in evil days, when the machinations of bad men have been constantly employed in the perverse work of defeating the beneficent intentions of one of the most amiable and benevolent of the successors of St. Peter, and in rendering abortive the wise measures of internal improvement, not only contemplated, but framed, by the most able and energetic Minister of his Holiness. If the Pontifical subjects are not now in the enjoyment of all the administrative reforms necessary to their good government, the blame rests not with their benign Sovereign nor with Cardinal Antonelli—who sees better, perhaps, than any man in the Roman States what is really wanting for the happiness of the people, and is behind no man living in his desire to make that people happy and contented—but with those knaves, fools, and madmen, (the category contains some of each class,) who, for eleven years, have not ceased to conspire for the subversion of our government and all order in Italy.

So much falsehood has been designedly circulated throughout Europe to the prejudice of Cardinal Antonelli, that the publication of

some of the truth about this eminent statesman may at least have the charm of variety, even to his enemies; and if the following facts, which we give from authentic sources, do not silence and abash his calumniators in future, they will, at all events, supply an antidote to the poison of deliberate defamation.

Cardinal James Antonelli was born at Sorzano, on the 2d of April, 1806. His family is of the class corresponding to the English esquire, in the province of Marittima, in the Campagna. When thirteen years old he was sent by his parents to Rome, and placed in the Roman seminary, where he passed regularly, and with distinction, through the various classes of the Belles Lettres, and finished the course of Philosophy. He then matriculated in the Sapienza, (the Roman University,) where he applied himself assiduously to the study of the law, and obtained all his degrees, including that of Doctor. Wishing, however, to embrace the ecclesiastical state, and to devote himself to the service of the Holy See, he was obliged, before his admission to the Prelature as a "Prelate of Justice," to go through the regular ordeal according to the Bull of Pope Alexander the Seventh, touching the admission in question; and after establishing, by authentic proofs, the respectability of his family, the completion of his studies, his having obtained the necessary academical degrees, and practised the law before a judge in a court of justice, and being possessed of a fortune valued at least at twenty-six thousand piastres, (about 2250 of our currency,) he was admitted, in 1820, in the Pontificate of Pius the Eighth, by the Tribunal of the Signature, to the honor of the Prelature. Having passed through the various grades of his profession, he was nominated "Chief of Good Government," and afterward appointed Assessor in the Government Criminal Court at Rome. His next promotion was to the position of Delegate of the province of Orvieto, whence he was transferred to that of Viterbo, and thence promoted to that of Nocerato. Recalled to Rome, he was appointed to the important and confidential office of Substitute of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. After a time he was promoted to the Treasurership of the Apostolic Chamber, which he held until 1849; when, on the 11th June, he was raised to the Cardinalate, as a reward for his great services, and a proof of the Pope's appreciation of his rare abilities, unsullied character, and unceasing zeal and devotion towards the Holy See. In 1848 he was named Councillor of State for Foreign Affairs. Vacating this office shortly after, he was named President of the Council of Ministers, which he held until October, when he was appointed Prefect of the Sacred Apostolic Palace—a position in which he won the esteem of the Holy Father, and which he held only until November of that memorable year of European anarchy, when, amid the crash of temporal thrones, the Holy Father was himself assailed by the sacrilegious hordes of impious men, and obliged to seek refuge at Gaeta from the deluge of revolutionary passions. In that trying season Cardinal Antonelli was never absent from his Holiness' person, and was enabled to render signal services, in the capacity of Under-Secretary of State, by the zeal and ability with which he conducted the negotiations connected with the restoration of the Pope's temporal authority over the States of the Church. On the 12th of April, 1850, the Cardinal returned to Rome with the Holy Father, and has from that time continued to hold the exalted office of Secretary of State, and President of the Council, in which he has displayed those qualities of quick discernment, clearness of judgment, courtesy of deportment, affability of address, justice and integrity, which give his Eminence an indefeasible title to exalted rank among the great men and statesmen of the nineteenth century. All who approach him come away with the conviction that they have been in the presence of a man of no ordinary character, while his courtesy on all occasions, and even under trying circumstances, establishes his claim to be considered a polished gentleman. Inflexible in his austerity, his prudence causes him never to overdo; the difficulties of a position; while the admirable blending of the *maître en mode* with the *fortiter in re*, which is a prominent characteristic of this distinguished personage, wins for him the respect even of those who do not concur in his political opinions. His austerity is his own—his urbanity is freely bestowed upon all who are thrown into contact with him.

Such is the true character, such the facts concerning the parentage and career of the much maligned and misrepresented James Cardinal Antonelli. Who can there recognize an affinity to the repulsive portrait painted by the unscrupulous malice of his enemies, or the names of the Church, the enemies of the Holy See, the enemies of society itself?

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and circumstances connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events, the action, as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed as their character and professions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two Miscellanies; and it will be the design of the Editor to have these Miscellanies contain both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chain without necessity, and differing with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... \$3 00
 Price per year served by mail..... 2 50
 Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 2 00
 To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for \$3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$3 25 for the same term.

The advertising rates are as follows:
 To transient advertisers..... 12 1/2 cents per line.
 To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,

(JAMES B. KIRKE,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1859.

THE PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

Seldom has news reached us from the other side of the Atlantic so unexpectedly as that which announced a treaty of peace between those two great Catholic Powers. It would seem that Almighty God hearkened to the desire of the Holy Father, and to the prayers of the Church, for this most happy termination of an unnatural, and, while it lasted, most sanguinary war. All Catholic hearts unite in thanksgiving to Heaven for this result.

It ought not to appear strange that THE METROPOLITAN RECORD should have taken a deep interest in the progress of the contest. For, although we disavow all partisan discussion of politics in our own country, we could not be indifferent to the events which were transpiring from day to day on the great military field of action between Austria and France. Humanity itself would render it impossible to be indifferent to the slaughter of so many men on both sides. But, in addition to humanity, the interests of the Catholic Church were deeply involved, and to some extent are so still, in the result of this fierce struggle. If, then, from the commencement, we have kept our readers informed of the progress of events, it has been because our journal is intended as a Catholic family paper, in which our patrons may find, by keeping it filed away, the current of great public events, in which, whatever may be the direction of its flow, they must take a deep interest. As the question stands to-day, our hopes are brightened—our anticipations for the good of the Church are more buoyant; and yet it is impossible not to foresee that the solution and settlement of the details sketched out in the treaty of peace will be attended with both difficulties and dangers. There is one thing, however, of which we are per-

suaed—that the Emperors of Catholic France and Catholic Austria have so far shown themselves favorable to the Holy See. During the progress of the war, our leanings have been on the side of Austria, simply because truth and justice, which alone can render a war justifiable, seemed to us to have been on the side of Francis Joseph.

It has not been as yet pretended that, within the last twelve months, he or his government had done anything in Italy or against France with which both countries had not been familiar for the previous seven or eight years. THE RECORD never entertained a sentiment of hostility towards the French people, or their present ruler. They have done much for the Holy Father since the troubles of 1848, which entitled them to the gratitude of every Catholic heart. Nevertheless, it was easy to perceive, what we have stated more than once, that Louis Napoleon, if he had persevered, would have drawn upon himself and his country the combined enmity of nearly all the Governments of Europe. This enmity would have increased and become more intense in proportion to the success of his arms and the number of his victories. The jealousy of other States was already becoming roused to a high pitch. The German Confederation was losing all patience at the progress of French arms in Italy. Prussia, the selfish, had mobilized her forces without declaring frankly for what purpose. England was holding herself in suspense, but making preparations for the coming moment, as she supposed, when France and Austria should have exhausted each other so that John Bull's little finger, touching one scale or the other, could have decided the continental balance of Europe, according to his own interests. Even Russia, supposed at first to be in secret alliance with France, had begun to waver, if nothing more, under the progress of French superiority in arms. For this statement we refer to a St. Petersburg letter of July 15, by which, it is said, that the peace between the two Emperors was brought about. It is in the following words: "There are many versions in circulation touching the mission of Count Paul Schouvaloff to the French headquarters in Italy. The most accredited is that this personage was ordered by the Emperor Alexander to tell the Emperor of the French that Prussia and England, being alarmed at his great successes, had come to an agreement to check their continuance, and, that, in the anticipation of a common action on the part of those powers, Russia felt herself bound in honor to forewarn the French Emperor that she was not prepared to support him in case of a general war."

We do not attach much importance to this statement. But if it never had been made, it was obvious that, in the progress of such a war, Russia would never have been found on the side of France. At all events, while the civilized nations of the earth agree that Napoleon the Third has been most successful in all his undertakings, whether of peace or of war, and while on the fields of battle he has proved himself uninterruptedly victorious, he will scarcely obtain credit for the greatest victory of all, viz: the victory over himself and over his ambition. This he has obtained at a critical moment; and whether it may have been under the apprehension of danger, or won from a sense of prudence and a strong feeling in favor of humanity and religion, still it is, so far, the brightest triumph of his life. But "poi," as the Italians say. What then?

The confederation of the States of Italy has been instituted between Napoleon and Francis Joseph—on paper. Can it be realized? Will it work?—and will it work so that Italy shall not be under the tutelage and protectorate of both empires?

These are questions for which time only can provide a final solution. As we understand the programme, it is to blend the Sovereigns of the Italian States into a harmony of action on certain points of federal interest—leaving those States, in their separate capacity, to govern themselves, with probably certain useful alterations in their laws or constitution, more in harmony with the wants and desires of the populations than the forms which now exist.

If all this can be successfully carried out, it will be a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Again, it is intended that foreign troops shall be withdrawn from the Peninsula, on the theory that under the confederation the Italians, whether in the field or in the cabinet, shall be able to govern themselves. If this can be effected, nothing could be more desirable. But from a knowledge of the Italian character, considering the centuries during which they have been living in a state of mutual jealousy and distrust of each other, it is very doubtful whether they can so coalesce and blend together even in the councils of the confederation, as to accomplish successfully the end for which the new organization is appointed. The Pope, as President of this Confederation, presents a strong point of hope for the union of its members. If the arch itself were well founded and solidly compacted together, the Sovereign Pontiff would be the natural and efficient key-stone. But the arch is not yet formed, and it will require much patience, much prudence, and a great deal of firmness on the part of the imperial architects to bring the stones of which it is to be composed into the harmonious order which the plan requires.

Meantime, the lessons taught to civilized Europe in the progress and results of the late war, will not be lost on Kings or Cabinets. The ingenious destructiveness which has been imparted to rifles and cannon by the superior science of France, teaches a most instructive lesson which can hardly fail to make its impression. The probable course of other nations from this time forward will be to improve their arms so as to rival, if not to surpass in destructiveness, those of France. And thus the time may not be far distant when a projected battle will be regarded as equivalent to the mutual destruction of both armies. This is a terrific thought. And yet, for the very interests of humanity, we shall not regret to witness the day on which military science will have brought things to this pass. War will then be at an end, and all the States of Europe will unite in a confederation of peace, and elect the Pope by acclamation as its honorary President. But "poi,"—will he accept?

CHRISTIANITY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—FEARFUL RESULTS OF THE PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO THE NATIVES—CATHOLICITY CALLED IN AT THE LAST HOUR OF SOCIAL EXISTENCE.

Perhaps there is no other portion of the globe in which the missionaries of the Protestant church, and the agents of the different sects which dissented from it, have enjoyed so ample and unrestricted an opportunity for beneficial exertion as in the Hawaiian island group, situate in the North Pacific, known by the above designation; and it may be truly asserted that in no other place has their failure been so potent to the world, or their interference, spiritual and temporal, in the affairs of the inhabitants, so disastrous to the interests of the people at large.

When Captain Cook discovered the place in 1778 the islands were immediately taken hold of as an exclusive ground for the exercise of Protestant Biblical conversion, and it must be said of the natives that they were, in a little time, friendly to their Christian visitors, and offered every facil-

ity for the distribution and circulation of the Word of God. Not long after Cook's death the islands were united under one ruler, Tamehameha, and idolatry was abolished by royal decree during the reign of his son and successor in 1819.

Christianity thus became the religion of the State; but our readers must recollect that it was Protestant Christianity exported from England as an article of trade—same as she now exports idols made to order for India,—and that the missionaries of the creed have shown themselves from first to last more anxious to realize power and profit from the State and to heap up the "riches of this earth" than to really and truly convert the natives to the doctrines of Christ in any fixed form.

Indeed they very soon proved to these oceanic neophytes that they had no "standard of faith" amongst themselves, and the people were not slow to rank them in their proper place: as clever tradesmen, flippant in talk, skilful in argument, and better informed in the modes of administering civil affairs than any of their in own princes. This was just what the missionaries wanted, and we find that year after year they ingratiated themselves more and more at court, filled up almost every civil office with their nominees, brought out their friends and relatives, as far as possible, in the capacity of merchants, and set vigorously to work to rule the kingdom and reap a golden harvest from its revenues. As usual, the earthly barriers of "Catholic exclusion" was set up as a defence and safeguard of the missionary "labor," so that Protestantism, English or American, is entitled to the credit until very lately, for all that has been done in the way of Christianizing, civilizing, and leading through life, and it may be said unto death, the Sandwich Islanders. We include American Protestantism—for it must not be supposed that our citizens would prove less "enterprising" than the English in any matter connected with profitable religious commerce. Thus we find that for fifteen or twenty years past the United States have furnished a great—indeed for the work of simple Christianity, a disproportioned—number of clergymen, zealous ladies, school teachers, and other civil assistants, to this field for purposes of tract distribution, open air preaching, whaling and whiskey selling, and the general management of ship-chandlery and other stores.

Well, the result, both here and in England, has been the occasional exhibition of a "well-trained" Christian light-haired Oceanian either in the "late" Broadway Tabernacle or at Exeter Hall; relations of marvellous awakenings in the "Islands," the receipts of subscriptions proportionally heavy, and the reading of treasurers' reports balanced annually with the most financial fractional accuracy.

To the Sandwich Islands the results have been somewhat different, and are to be found in the more than decimation of the population by disease, drunkenness, a general licentiousness of life, riot and crime, and an inoculation, for purposes of the most grovelling profit, with a knowledge of every means of rapid debasement which could be offered to a people by persons calling themselves Christians and laying claim to a superior sanctity.

What are the facts?

Captain Cook said, in 1819, that the Islands possessed four hundred thousand inhabitants, but the number has been generally taken at three hundred thousand. In the year 1823 they numbered only one hundred and forty thousand; in 1832, one hundred and thirty-two thousand by Government census; in 1836, one hundred and eight thousand, and in 1855 the population was seventy two thousand nine hundred and sixty-four persons! We say boldly that this is to be traced in a great measure to the missionary alliance which Protest-

ism sought with government and trade profits, instead of attempting—what it has ever yet done—to exhibit a commission on “preach and teach” from God, and thus indoctrinate the natives with morality and temperance in a knowledge of Christ crucified, at one and the same time.

Look at the state of morals produced among the unfortunates. Sixteen hundred and eighty-two persons were convicted of various crimes in the Hawaiian Kingdom in the year 1852, of which number fourteen hundred and sixty-one were tried in Honolulu, the residence of the “missionaries,” and the great harbor of “missionary ships” and Bible landings. Of the entire number of convicts, over one thousand were for habitual drunkenness, about three hundred for robberies, and four or five hundred for most disgusting crimes. It could not be otherwise; for the love of the natives for strong drinks, set afoot by the early “Christians,” has become so great that the most profitable trade has been driven in such articles; and we find the clergy, who have had almost entire control of the Legislature, have done little to check either the sale or importation of liquors. It is proved, indeed, that, a few years ago, of the total revenue of the country, \$58,114 was paid for duties on goods tending to material comfort by their consumption, \$70,209 as duty on foreign spirits, and \$8,261 for harbor dues.

God, in his great mercy, has willed, however, that the people shall not become extinct as a race, or go any more in such numbers to worse than heathen graves. The heart of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands has been awakened, and we find—as in most countries exhausted by Protestant missionary failure and the absence of Catholic influences—it is probable that, through her agency, although not now a Catholic, our religion will be permitted to enter the Islands and effect a repair of the moral desolation which reigns over them. The Queen having endowed, some years ago, a few large hospitals with some educational establishments, found them to languish for want of attendants and teachers. Some few months since, however, these were presented on the arrival of a noble band of Sisters of Charity at Honolulu. They came principally from Ireland and France, and were well received by the Court, but the effect of their presence on the people has been wonderful.

Already it is announced (18th of June, the date of our last reports), “The native’s mind pants for an opportunity of elevating the young females of the place from the state of degradation into which they had fallen, which will be done by the example and teaching of the Sisters of Charity.” This is remarked by The Polynesian, the leading paper of Honolulu, which, with true feeling, adds: “They (the Sisters) have been expected for two years, and will soon raise up a noble band of native girls, educated as will become Christian mothers, having now published their educational prospectus.”

There is no doubt of it, and we are certain that the long-afflicted natives of the Sandwich Islands will yet experience a complete Christian consolation.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

We would refer our readers to the new prospectus of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, which will be found in our advertising columns, and which will, we have no doubt, be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in the great enterprise. From a perusal of this document it will be seen that the Company propose raising a capital of six hundred thousand pounds sterling (three millions of dollars), in five pound or twenty-five dollar shares, so that every one who desires to take an active and substantial interest in the great undertaking has now an opportunity of doing

so. Upon the amount which it is now designed to raise the British Government guarantee eight per cent, on the conditions specified in the prospectus.

Whatever doubts might have been at one time entertained in regard to the practicability of the great work were set at rest by the successful landing of the cable on the 5th of August, 1858, and the passage of intelligible messages through the conductor from Ireland to Newfoundland and from Newfoundland to Ireland. There are, we are aware, some skeptics, who still assert that the line was never in successful working order, while a few absolutely deny that it had ever been laid. The publication by Mr. Field, on his arrival from London a short time since, of affidavits sworn to before the U. S. Consul at London, must be regarded as conclusive on the subject. The facts verified under oath were that two hundred and seventy-nine messages of different lengths were sent from Trinity Bay to Valentia, and one hundred and twenty-nine from Valentia to Trinity Bay. Some writers, who have allowed their love of argument to get ahead of their regard for truth, have published column after column to show that not even a single word was sent through the conductor; but the fact of the news of the Chinese treaty having been sent from the other side of the line, and the despatch in regard to the collision of the Europa and Arabia, from this side was a little too much for them. True, the cable, after having, as the affidavits referred to show, been twenty days in operation, ceased to work, in consequence of the defects which had been caused by the carelessness of the electrician and engineer. These effects were produced by the exposure of the cable to the heat of a summer’s sun, which was intensified by the black tar coating to at least one hundred and twenty degrees. Under this heat the gutta percha with which the conductor was insulated was reduced to a melted state, while the conductor was forced through it in several places, thus destroying the insulation. About thirty miles of the cable had to be cut off, as useless, but there is no doubt whatever that there were some defects which escaped detection, and that after the cable was submerged they eventually became so bad as to interfere with the direct passage of the electric current through the whole length of the line. It is believed however, by some, that these defects exist within fifty miles of the Irish coast, and that by raising and repairing the cable at those points at which they are to be found, that it may once more be put in successful operation. We trust that this may turn out to be so. However, whether such a belief shall or shall not be sustained by actual trial hereafter, one thing has been proved beyond all peradventure—the practicability of the Atlantic Telegraph.

With the large experience that has been acquired, and the new basis upon which the enterprise has been placed, little doubt need be entertained of its ultimate success. Speaking for ourselves, we may say, with all frankness, that we are most sanguine on this point, and that we are strengthened in our hope by the fact that the Company have replaced their former Chief Electrician and Engineer by men whose ability and reputation are in themselves a pretty fair guaranty of success. By a reference to the prospectus, we find upon it the names of Brunel, Stephenson, Everett, Clarke, Morse, Varley, and other distinguished men in both the engineering and electrical departments, while among the directors—more than one-half of whom are Americans—are Messrs. Peter Cooper, Peabody, Lamson, Field, Cunnard, Morgan, Sherman, Hunt, Low, and others.

It is proposed to lay another cable during the summer of 1860, and preparations are now being made for that purpose. An improved cable will be manufactured, and

this time due care will be taken that it is not exposed to the liability of such accidents as that by which the one now submerged has been rendered useless. Experience is a great teacher, and the lesson that has been given to the Atlantic Telegraph Company will not be without its beneficial results. The enterprise is now on a secure basis, and it must succeed, supported as it is by the liberal guaranty granted by both the British and American Governments. The only thing that can possibly interfere with the laying of a new cable next summer is the French invasion, in regard to which both the English press and English statesmen entertain such serious apprehensions.

PROTESTANT PROPHECIES REGARDING THE HOLY SEE ALWAYS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

There is nothing that so puzzles the statesmen and wise governments of the earth as the perpetuity of the Holy See amidst all the troubles and contentions through the medium of which its enemies look for its overthrow. Several times within less than a century, according to the predictions of our Protestant friends, the Sovereignty of the Pope was at an end—nay, according to their anticipations, even his spiritual authority was about to see its last day. In all these events finally turned the predictions into contempt, and at last some of the great disposers of political issues began to find out that they must not introduce the Pope and his sovereignty into the category of mere temporal and contentious rulers. They must invent, since they will not accept, a code of reasoning in reference to the Pope which shall be special, singular, and exclusive, not applicable to any other Sovereign in the world.

If they do this and keep it in their minds, they will have saved themselves the necessity of making, when events really determine questions pertaining to him, the awkward admissions which we find from time to time in the best Protestant journals. For instance, it is but lately that The London Times found out what all Catholics have been familiar with from time immemorial, namely, that it is only when appearances, to human vision, are most threatening to the perpetuity of the Holy See and the sovereignty of the Pope that the Almighty interferes by some slight event that would seem to have no connection with the end which it is made efficient to accomplish.

In ordinary times the Holy See has to struggle in its weakness against the trials to which, so far as it is a human government, it is more particularly exposed, and during such times there is no evidence of Divine interposition. When our Saviour, with his Apostles, embarked on the lake, and while the waters were tranquil and the winds propitious, he slept. So it is, to some extent, with the bark of St. Peter on the sea of ages; but as soon as the tempest came on and He was appealed to, He rose from His slumbers, rebuked the winds and the waves and a calm ensued.

If The London Times would remember these things it might spare itself the awkward acknowledgment which we find in its issue of the 26th ult., and which is in these words:

“To all human foresight he [the Pope] seems on the brink of dissolution, and we should expect to see the crazy old bark go down in deep water if we did not remember how often before the same crisis has appeared at hand, and how wonderfully the waterlogged and dismantled hull has got into port again.”

If The Times only admitted that God guides and steers the Bark in periods of trouble, there would be no cause for its wonderment; it would then appear a natural consequence from the supernatural appointment of Divine Providence. Nothing has been left undone by the editor of The Times to bring about the sinking of what he irreverently calls “the crazy old bark,” and yet he is compelled to confess that it is sustained by a power greater than that of Printing House square.

THE PROBABLE FRENCH INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Anglo-Saxon Humiliation.

Important part played by the Telegraph in War and Diplomacy.

NAPOLEON AS A LIBERATOR IN ITALY.

Will he Free Ireland, and Liberate the English Masses?

THE EMPEROR’S GALVANIC EXPERIMENTS ON THE OLD BRITISH LION.

Louis Napoleon’s application of the electric telegraph to war purposes, during the late campaign in Italy, excited the astonishment and admiration of the world. Whenever his Majesty fixed his headquarters at any given place, a coil of the wire was unrolled thence to each station of the Generals of Division, and the line, being immediately operated upon by some of the most experienced men in France, brought out for this express purpose, was at once transformed into an omnipresent and unseen aid-de-camp. We read, also, that the Emperor caused the field to be covered with a network of telegraphs, running even to the rear guard of the retreating Austrians, and thus put himself in possession of the services of a universal, reliable, and hidden system of vidette. This was original, and turned out very successful; and hence the practical mind of the American people induced them to put great faith in the ultimate triumph of such versatile genius.

In our opinion, however, the manner in which Napoleon has used the line which runs from Paris to Calais, and from there to Dover, since the time he concluded the treaty of Villafranca, in order to exhibit his political mastery of England, and to show to all Europe her actual strength for war purposes, as well as the *effete* system of her cabinet rule and the antiquated doctrines which guide her statesmen, far surpasses his scientific achievements on the plains of Lombardy. Indeed, his more recent experiments may be very aptly likened to those which one would imagine an enthusiastic and persevering professor of natural history would make with a powerful galvanic battery on the body of a toothless and decrepit lion in presence of a large audience—at one moment rousing the animal, by a powerful shock, to an exhibition of something resembling his youthful fury, and again, by the administration of a gentle current, inducing that pleasing repose so necessary to its age and enfeebled condition. Such is the very beautiful manner in which Bonaparte now teaches us the diplomatic uses of the telegraph.

DEFEAT OF ENGLAND’S CONTINENTAL POLICY, BY TELEGRAPH.

Six weeks since the Palmerston-Russell Cabinet told Parliament, almost nightly, that the time had not yet arrived when England could mediate “with effect” between France and Austria, and thus still kept before the people the delusion that her counsels were absolutely necessary for the settlement of Continental affairs whenever they were deranged by war or civil commotion. The old gentlemen of Queen Victoria’s Cabinet were, however, at that moment comforting themselves with the assurance that both France and Austria would exhaust their armies very much before the war ended, and that England would be rendered immediately secure, for a season, by the consequent weakness of the legions of Napoleon. They were also made happy by the idea that a representative, appointed by themselves, would be called to a congress to “arrange” a peace, and that, in this manner, a chance would be afforded to some of the Elliott-Minto or Bedford tribe, to cheer on Cavour in assailing the government of the Holy Father, the temporalities of the Church, the Catholic religion in general, and French influence in Italy, under pretence of advocating “popular reform” in Rome and the cities of the

Legations; the "disenthralment of the Pope from the cares of civil rule," the making religion "respectable and fashionable," and the general advancement of the Italian people towards freedom from "foreign interference."

See how Napoleon dispelled these hopes by the telegraph!

On the morning of the 12th of July—a day long dedicated by England to purposes of domestic feud, faction, and religious intolerance—a dispatch reached London from Paris announcing that Napoleon and Francis Joseph had concluded a peace on the previous evening. This was a master-stroke of Napoleonic diplomacy, for it assured the European world in a moment that England's advices were not necessary to its well-being by any means, and plainly told herself that the powers of the Continent were tired of her intermeddling and mischievous policy. Well aware of the Emperor's warfare, she was compelled to swallow the bitter pill, and in a few days subsided into that sort of calm to which we have alluded. The new peace combinations thus originated, and the idea of the Italian Confederation announced simultaneously with them, were too much for her aged advisers. Hating, as they always did, the religion and nationality of the people of Italy, and hearing of the expulsion from office, in the person of Cavour, of a faithful ally in carrying out their designs on the Continent, they became actually alarmed at the presence of that progress which they had for years hypocritically pretended to advocate.

BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH POLICY ON

THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

The same telegraphic communication of the 12th of July dissipated, in a moment, the daily prayed-for opportunity of creating a war between France and the States of the German Confederation; and Palmerston saw that, by England's holding Prussia in leading strings until she could use her with some chance of effect against Napoleon on the Rhine, afforded the latter an opportunity of proving to Francis Joseph the insincerity of his great Protestant ally, and thus planting the seeds of the ultimate dissolution of that mighty union, so dangerous to France and so useful to England, without having occasion to order the Duke de Malakoff to leave Paris; for there is little doubt but that the bond of cold political calculation which hitherto united the German powers will quickly dissolve, and lose its force in the warm and generous glow of patriotic and religious feeling which will radiate, after a short time, from the infant federation of the sons of Italy.

THE INVASION PANIC AMONG THE STATESMEN OF ENGLAND.

Disappointed and humbled, the statesmen of England of all shades of party gave way to that fear of France which had long pervaded their hearts, and plainly told the people that, by the conclusion of the peace in Italy, Napoleon was but freeing his hands for the purpose of more effectually carrying out a long-cherished design of invading Great Britain. This has elicited debates and statements in Parliament which prove incontestably to every unprejudiced mind that England is now effectually *tamed* as a nation, and utterly unable to cope, either at sea or on land, with the man who reconstructed the throne and inherits the wrongs of his uncle. The united expression of her national whine may be summed up in the avowal that France has a navy equal if not superior to her own, and possesses a standing army exceeding hers by five times its numerical force, and incomprehensibly superior to it in training, intelligence of command, the general education of the men, courage, and superiority of race.

NAVAL PREPARATIONS IN BOTH COUNTRIES—VAST SUPERIORITY OF THE FRENCH MILITARY FORCE.

To hope to contend with any chance of success with France, should Napoleon undertake an invasion of her soil, England has been compelled for some time to strain every nerve, financial and political, in order to keep her navy—for it is her only reli-

ance—at full strength. As a commencement, the Queen lately ordered a bounty of fifty dollars to be paid to able seamen entering on board the national ships. This brought in, after some three weeks, two or three thousand men and boys.

How did Napoleon meet this? Immediately after the order was made known in Paris the telegraph wires running from the Bureau de la Marine to the five great naval ports of the Empire vibrated with his orders. Commands then came forth from the Prefecture of each, and within fourteen days ten thousand seamen of the ninety thousand on the "Inscription" were out and *actually on board the war ship for which each individual was specially designated*. The orders, it must be said, were obeyed with more than usual alacrity, in consequence of a report prevalent in the districts that a war with England was imminent. These 10,000 men are to be retained on board the ships, and ten thousand trained men will thus be relieved on temporary furlough and enabled to visit their homes, holding themselves in readiness for service at a moment's call. By alternating his masses of seamen in this manner, Napoleon will be enabled to drill the entire naval force of France by rotation within a short period.

This movement, and the knowledge that a French army, flushed with victory, was returning from Italy, inspired the most wide-spread alarm among the governing classes and legislators of Great Britain, who really dread invasion and the consequent abrogation by the French of the feudal privileges, land monopoly, church ascendancy and tax revenue robbery, under some such law as the famous "Code Napoleon," enacted for the benefit and amelioration of the working classes. These feelings produced the most deprecatory remonstrances from Parliament and the London press to Napoleon. "What does it all mean?" is soothingly asked. "Our ally surely would not plunge us in war? He cannot mean such a measure as invasion?" "We never contemplated an invasion of France!" and such like. However correct the first surmise of the English statesman may be there is little doubt of the truth of the last assertion. England certainly does not contemplate an invasion of France, because she is utterly unable for such an effort. When she thought herself powerful enough, however, she did not hesitate about it, but always met with poor results. France has, on the contrary, an exciting example on her side, when she calls to mind at how early a period of her history her son, William the Norman, invaded England, conquered her people, and gave them masters who stamped their imprint so plainly on the population that it is not yet effaced.

Acting, perhaps, on the idea of the boy and the bull dog, that "what is sport to him is death to England," Napoleon has pursued his new system of politics from day to day, until he has completely demonstrated to all mankind that, if she beggared her people more completely by taxes, England could not come up to him in war preparations, for what do we find is the result? The London Times of a very late date has the following:

"Mr. Haas Busk, who has laboriously compiled the statistics of 'The Navies of the World,' in which he serves as a justification for the considerable increase in the estimates for the army and navy of Great Britain. A comparison of our budgets with the English estimates will show how erroneous those apprehensions are."

Having compared the charges, he adds: "We demand, then, whether it is to France and to its extraordinary armaments that we must attribute the excessive charges that are thrown upon the English people, or whether these enormous expenses and the imposts which they occasion should be attributed to other causes." Yes, truly; and the "other causes" are to be found in royal and baronial peculation, feudal lands, plunder, the gormandizing of a cormorant Church, and the operation of a heartless Poor Law. The Paris Debats, an organ also inspired by royal diction, says:

"We know, indeed, that it is a tradition on the other side of the Channel, when the naval and military estimates are brought forward, to evoke before the eyes of the country the invasion of old England, to show them through a magnifying glass Cherbourg, Brest and Toulon, prepared to having for its object—like that to Italy—the useless 'liberation' of the down-trodden millions of Irishmen and Englishmen at home, may yet come up for discussion on this side the Atlantic. In addition to her naval force, France will have four hundred thousand soldiers in arms on her territory when the 'army of Italy' returns, while England will not have within her shores one hundred and ten thousand men, including her militia, at the same moment. On this part of the subject a leading London journal remarks with truth:

"We now see by the plainest demonstration of fact that France can despatch an army of 150,000 men anywhere that she pleases within two or three weeks, with everything ready for action, and has 100,000 ready to follow them a month after. In the recent debate in our Commons, when the whole army was ransacked for disposable men, nobody could make out more than 30,000. The possibility of a General Commission to regulate an invading force."

THE MEANS OF A FRENCH INVASION AND VITALITY OF THE FRENCH NATION.

Another English paper says:

"Besides the men-of-war (already enumerated), no less than 73 steam transports—35 of these capable of accommodating 5,500 men, and the rest from 1,000 to 1,200, with all their baggage, stores and equipments—are in progress of construction in France. It is a remarkable characteristic of the policy of France that she never recedes. Having determined upon a particular course, she adheres to it with inflexible tenacity of purpose, notwithstanding any change that may occur in the administration or even in the form of government itself."

Yes, that is the grand secret. France, as we have already pointed out in THE RECORD, is indestructible. Agitation, foreign intrigue—and English intrigue the most emulating of all—treason, conspiracies, change of government and wild revolution have been unable to change her. She is France, France still and France ever—Celtic, buoyant, vigorous and Catholic France, and never did she look more beautiful than now. When victorious abroad and peaceable at home, she can smile at the contortions of her old and bitter enemy, and tell her plainly that the red flag which went down in the ditch of the Redan shall never more intimidate the peoples of the world, if it be permitted to appear at all even as a bit of insular bunting.

NAPOLION SHOWS THE GRIEVANCES OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND ADMINISTERS A SOOTHING DESPATCH.

The quiet elucidation of these facts and the making them known over the Channel is what we term Napoleon's telegraphic policy, and it is thus he proves to the world that, as he said in Milan, "he is up to the epoch in which we live"—a sentence of much deeper import than it was at first supposed to possess. We entertain no doubt that the Emperor sympathizes deeply with the people of the United Kingdom in the grievances which they endure under the system of feudal rule that oppresses them. Indeed he has, by his telegraph, almost told them so. When Palmerston and his conferees wanted to prove to the tax-payers that the immense expenditure of money lately incurred was owing to an endeavor to keep pace with his armaments, he published the following remarkable sentences in an article in The Paris Monitor, and had it telegraphed to London. He says—for The Monitor speaks by the Imperial pen:

"It is sought in England to attribute to France the cause of the charges which are imposed on the English people on account of the national defenses. It is the exaggeration of our armaments which serves as a justification for the considerable increase in the estimates for the army and navy of Great Britain. A comparison of our budgets with the English estimates will show how erroneous those apprehensions are."

Having compared the charges, he adds: "We demand, then, whether it is to France and to its extraordinary armaments that we must attribute the excessive charges that are thrown upon the English people, or whether these enormous expenses and the imposts which they occasion should be attributed to other causes."

Yes, truly; and the "other causes" are to be found in royal and baronial peculation, feudal lands, plunder, the gormandizing of a cormorant Church, and the operation of a heartless Poor Law. The Paris Debats, an organ also inspired by royal diction, says:

"We know, indeed, that it is a tradition on the other side of the Channel, when the naval and military estimates are brought forward, to evoke before the eyes of the country the invasion of old England, to show them through a magnifying glass Cherbourg, Brest and Toulon, prepared to

launch their squadrons filled with soldiers on the neighboring seas, converted into French lakes, and to all events, if not to-day. We know that this spectacle invariably recurs, and it pounds sterling are voted. But hitherto the principal part in that rather idle manoeuvre has been performed by some eccentric persons, and we have attached but small importance to it. To the suspicious and hostile neutrality of England and Germany, France has opposed only calmness and moderation. The victorious Emperor restores peace to astonished Europe. Can Europe be less moderate and pacific than the Emperor? England, who inquires about a vessel more or less armed at Brest, and who votes three hundred millions for her navy—England, who counsels so loudly the Continent to disarm—is she going to set the example? When a cloud highly charged with electricity passes over our heads, why risk the eliciting the flash from it? Who knows where it might fall?"

It is thus that his Majesty Napoleon dispensed of the invectives of Lyndhurst, the covert sneers of Derby, and the timid but venomous imputations of Lord John Russell. He does not care either for their armaments or themselves, and having given them conclusive proof of this, he turns to show the world what a joyful revulsion he could produce in the land by a soothing flash from the telegraph. This was administered thus in The Monitor on the morning of the 28th of July:

"The Emperor has decided that the army and navy shall be restored to a peace footing with the least possible delay."

See the effect of this on the fear-stricken Englishmen. Lord John Russell found his tongue loosed the same evening, and actually made a statement on the affairs of Italy; but before proceeding he said:

"In beginning my statement I may remark that I am glad to find that in The Monitor of this day there is an announcement that the Emperor of France has put his land and sea forces on a peace footing. [Cheers.]"

Next morning these cheers were echoed in jubilant tone by the entire English press. The London Times said:

"The Monitor of yesterday contains the most welcome announcement that could come to English ears from a foreign land. The French Emperor has issued his orders to disarm. The people of England, reading these glad tidings, will take a deep breath, such as a man takes when a crisis of apprehension is past; they will congratulate each other that the peril they dreaded has driven away."

The London News remarked:

"The French Government announces its purpose to replace its army and navy upon a peace footing. The execution of this measure would be the most valuable pledge that could be given for the peace of the world. It is true that the measure exists at present only in intention; true, also, that we do not know the extent of the reductions contemplated; and true, moreover, that whatever their extent, they must still leave France a mighty neighbor."

And so on to the end of the chapter, the fearfully humiliated Anglo-Saxon evincing his gratitude for escaping for the moment from an invasion which he acknowledges he could not repel.

THE NEW PRINCIPLES OF EUROPEAN SELF-GOVERNMENT AS ELUCIDATED BY NAPOLEON.

But is the Anglo-Saxon really grateful? Certainly and characteristically he is not. We find that during the very speech we have alluded to, Lord John Russell, who was completely befogged by the Villafranca treaty, the Zurich Conference and the Italian Confederation, could do no better than get off some stale jokes at the Papal Government, and thus endeavor to induce divisions *a priori* in the Italian Congress, by patting the King of Sardinia on the back and encouraging him to go on in opposition to His Holiness. We think, however, that Victor Emanuel has been taught a little common sense lately, and we hope that this, combined with sincere conversion, will enable him to regret the invidious advice offered by such treacherous friends. During the same evening Lord John Russell, who years ago proclaimed the "finality" of reform at hand, in speaking of the return of the Italian Arch-Dukes to their States, hoped that neither Austria nor France would force the men on the people, as governments, if they did not approve of them, observing, as a principle, we suppose, the following:

"It is very doubtful—very doubtful indeed—what may be the result of the well considered deliberations of the Tuscan people. They are about to choose representatives, and I think it much the best course they can take according to the constitution which their Grand Dukes had abolished, and when that body of representatives meet they will consider for themselves—as we in former times considered for ourselves—whether they will have the sovereign who has thus conducted himself, or whether they will choose another sovereign to reign over them. Well, for Her Majesty's Government there can be but one course, in such a case. If the representatives of the people of Tuscany—and I trust they are a most tranquil and orderly population—hear, hear,—if their representatives meet and declare that a certain government is that under which they are free people, it will be impossible for any representative of Her Majesty to go against such a declaration. [Loud cheers.]

Now can any Government in the world be

LITERATURE.

THE BOOK OF JOB AND THE PROPHETS. Translated from the Vulgate, and diligently compared with the original text, being a revised edition of the Douay version, with notes, critical and explanatory, by Francis Patrick Kovarik, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Kelly, Hedin & Pict, 1890.

"A revised edition of the Douay version" will seem strange, and perhaps cause unnecessary alarm to some of our readers. They have been accustomed to look upon the edition of a Catholic Bible which they will buy in some of the book stores as identical with that published by the martyr Fathers of Douay, and they will look upon a new translation as an inroad on a time-honored institution. To allay their fears, we would tell our terrified readers that the edition which they so much venerate rests upon the authority of the venerable Bishop Challoner. If it be an English edition, it follows the later editions of Challoner's; if an Irish edition, it takes after the earlier edition of the same work; if an American, perhaps of both these English and Irish editions blended together, with some improvements made by the American editor. With these improvements no fault is found, for the Church permits every Bishop to publish for the faithful of his diocese a translation of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, provided it has notes, taken from the Fathers and approved authors. No translation in the vulgar tongue can be published without the express approbation of the Holy See. Full permission is given to all Catholics to use translations whenever they please, and to retain them in their own houses. Mr. Narry and Doctor Withard, and of late years Dr. Lingard and the Archbishop of Baltimore, have published such translations.

The erudition and the piety of the Archbishop of Baltimore are too well known both in Europe and America, to require any praise or comment from us. We must, however, say, that we are rejoiced to think his translation of the Scriptures are nearly completed. Already has the Archbishop given us the New Testament and the Sapiential books. He has now presented us with Job and the Prophets, and he has thus placed within the reach of the American Catholic all that will enable him to see how our translation of the Scriptures is such as we may be glad of possessing, and though some writers may suggest an improvement in point of language, yet it is on the whole a faithful rendering of the Vulgate.

It is as a commentary this work of the Archbishop will commend itself to each reader. Here he will find every passage explained which needs it, every difficulty solved, and all that will increase his piety and devotion; and should he be a scholar, he will meet that which will train him in critical learning and show him how he may prosecute his studies and turn hermetically to advantage without sacrificing principle. But let us hear the Archbishop how he treats those matters:

"The notes by which I have endeavored to illustrate the Prophecies and the Scriptures generally are necessary, simple and brief, which best suits the sacred text, from which attention is likely to be drawn by lengthy expositions or an attempt at style. St. Jerome has taught me 'that in the explanation of the sacred Scriptures, not elegance of composition and flowers of rhetoric, but instruction and simple truth, are to be studied. It is the duty of an interpreter briefly and clearly to elucidate obscure passages, and not so much to display his elegance as to show the meaning of the author whose exposition he has undertaken.' In lengthy commentaries the text is easily lost sight of, and the reader rises from their perusal without a clear perception of the object which the writer proposed to himself. 'I know,' says the same eminent interpreter, 'that the ancient church writers have descanted at large on this Book (Jonas), but with no other result than that to have produced obscurity rather than light by their questions and queries which they raised, so that their interpretation has need to be expounded by some other, and the reader quits their perusal far more perplexed than when he commenced his inquiry.' Whilst aiming at expounding the literal sense, I have not forgotten that the high sense chiefly, and the text especially, those which regard Christ and his Church were foreshadowed and pointed out by the inspired penmen even when apparently engaged in announcing events less sublime. Bacon has truly observed, 'As the literal sense is, as it were, the main stream of the river, so the moral sense chiefly, and sometimes the allegorical or typical, are sometimes whereof the Church hath most use.'"

EXPOSITION OF CATHOLIC FAITH, WITH ITS OBSERVANCES, RITUAL AND MORAL. From Orthodox sources. By Rev. Thomas Walsby, author of "Eccelestical Annals of Ireland." Vol. I. Revised by judicious theologians. Permen. Superior. New York: Published by the author.

The exposition of Catholic faith will, when

complete, form a valuable addition to our explanatory works. The first volume takes as its text the Apostles, Athanasian and Nicene creeds, explains the doctrines of the Church, regarding each article in succession, and collects together a convincing mass of testimony from the Scriptures and from the Ancient Fathers bearing upon each point. No subject has been more completely made a reproach to Catholics than their belief in traditions, and of tradition the Rev. author treats at some length and with great ability. He enumerates its different sources as follows: "The public and perpetual authority of the Church; the acts of general councils; the acts of the martyrs; the sacred liturgy; the practice of the Church in the administration of the Sacraments and in her public worship; in like manner the writings of the Fathers, the doctrines of the ancient scholastics, of modern theologians, even the doctrines of the heretics themselves, and, finally, ecclesiastical history;" and taking each separately, explains the force and value of the direct or unconscious, the willing or the enforced, testimony. Speaking on this subject our author says:

"Between Catholics and Protestants a serious difference has arisen, regarding the dogmatic or divine traditions of the Church. Protestants acknowledge that such traditions ought to be received equally with the Scriptures, did they exist; but they deny their existence. They take as granted that all things necessary for faith and salvation are contained in the Scriptures—everything else, not written, they look upon as of little import. They therefore view tradition distinct from the written Word of God, contending that in tradition itself, and distinct from the Sacred Scriptures, there is no value, no efficacy. Nay, they contend that it is a source of corruption, which, according to their ideas, has stained the Roman or Catholic Church. Still, all tradition is rejected by them as they acknowledge that from the beginning the whole doctrine of Christ was conveyed to the Church by oral and practical tradition, and that the Sacred Scriptures were written at a later period. They distinguish a twofold tradition, even after the number of the sacred volumes were completed, which they call *Inherens*, containing the same dogmas that are found in the Scriptures themselves. For, according to them, the dogmas which the Scriptures set forth are known by the common sense of the faithful, which ought to be applied as a test of the truth, though an insufficient one, and as if bearing testimony to the point expressed in the Canonical books.

The declarative tradition is that which more clearly explains whatever the Sacred Scriptures teach briefly and less perspicuously. The first is, then, the tradition which teaches only the very points expressed in the Scriptures—the latter tradition is a more full expression of those dogmas, as they are contained in the Sacred Scriptures, more or less clearly. Such are the Protestant views on tradition. A line of demarcation is to be drawn between tradition and the sources, or media, through which the primitive, dogmatic and divine tradition has come down to us, and through which we are enabled to recognize it. As the existence of tradition constitutes an article of faith, it depends upon the authority of the Church, which has received from Christ the entire deposit of faith; and on that authority, as a rule proximate to faith, we rely, while we make a profession of this article, and afterwards we make use of the same tradition, as a remote and partial rule of faith, to prove it."

The second part has reference to the Sacraments in general and the Sacrament of Baptism in particular, its dignity and necessity, the rites and obligations contracted by baptism, whether infant or adult, and the responsibilities assumed by the sponsors. The practice of the primitive Church with regard to Catechumens is described, and the testimony of Saints, Fathers and Councils is quoted on the virtue and efficacy of this Sacrament. This volume is but the first instalment of a work on the "Faith and Practices of the Church," which will extend over one thousand pages and form three good sized volumes, and which, we doubt not, will be appreciated by the Catholic community.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY, OR THE COMMENTARY OF THE BIBLE, WITH JESUS CHRIST. By the Rev. Father Nivard, S. J. Translated from the French, by Charles J. Fairbank. Published with the approbation of His Grace, the Archbishop of New York. Edward Dunigan & Brother, (James B. Kirker).

The introduction to this little book explains its character, and the translator's object in rendering it into our language. It is especially designed for those who require to be "reasoned into the spirit of their religion," and who, from natural temperament, cannot comprehend the loving fervor and heavenly simplicity of St. Alphonsus Liguori. For such, this book is admirably adapted. The

calm, undemonstrative manner in which each subject is treated has peculiar charms for them, which will be enhanced, we doubt not, by the order in which the five books that compose the treatise are arranged. In the words of the translator, "other spiritual books may be more attractive in the style in which the sublime truths they contain are set forth; but as a compendium of ascetic theology adapted to the wants of all classes of Christians, this little work of Pere Nivard is beyond all praise. Its solid merits have kept it in use during a century and a half, and now it comes to remind people, who are in danger of setting up material prosperity as a cardinal virtue, that the spirit of Christianity is a spirit of poverty and humility and self-abnegation; and if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His." In our day, material prosperity is the idol to which we offer sacrifice, and the happiness to which we all aspire. What intellect was formerly, money is now. Bills have usurped the place of books, and the love of fame has given way before the love of comfort. Such books as the Spirit of Christianity are, therefore, particularly well-timed, grappling as they do with the vice of our era, and attacking it from the stable of Bethlehem and the heights of Calvary.

The author of this little work was a member of the Society of Jesus, and his works have attained great popularity in Europe. They have been translated into many European languages, but this is the first time they have appeared in an English version.

LECTURES ON CATHOLICITY AND PROTESTANTISM. By T. L. Nichols, M. D. New York: Published by the Author.

The first lecture of this course, which has been delivered throughout the State, is on the "History of the Catholic Church," a subject which interests in an almost equal degree those within and those without her pale. The lecturer treats his subject ably and judiciously; first proves the Divine origin of the Church, the unalterable character of its doctrines, its missionary zeal, and then the world's indebtedness to it in an artistic and intellectual as well as in a supernatural and moral point of view. The testimony of Protestant and Infidel writers is adduced to receive the calumnies which have been incessantly circulated concerning the Church of God, and in this brief "History of the Catholic Church" the lecturer has got together a mass of facts which must make an impression on the minds and hearts of unprejudiced Protestants. To this question, What has the Catholic Church done for man? he answers by summing up what religion, science, art and literature owe to her. Of the faithful care with which she preserved the written deposit of faith, Dr. Nichols observes:

In religion, the highest and holiest interest of man, we owe all to Christianity, under the Divine Providence, to the agency of the Catholic Church. She has preserved the Faith as it was given to the Apostles. She received and wonderfully preserved the sacred Scriptures of the New Testament. For ages they were in her keeping. At the Council of Trent, A. D. 1545, she solemnly decreed the sacred canon, and the authenticity and canonicity of every Gospel and Epistle now received depends upon her authoritative decision. She not only kept safe and pure the books which she had decided, by the power given her, to be canonical and divinely inspired, but she caused copies to be multiplied by the slow and painful process of transcription; and for fourteen centuries, before the invention of the art of printing, the whole Christian world were indebted for all their opportunities to read the sacred volume to the zeal and devotion of Catholic monks, who spent their lives in making faithful and beautiful copies of the Holy Scriptures. Catholic scholars translated the Old and New Testaments from the Hebrew and Greek originals into the Latin when that was the universal language of the learned—that is, of all who could read in Western Europe. Not only does the whole Christian world depend upon the Catholic Church for these translations, but in respect to some of the books we have no other semblance of authority. The originals are lost. Of St. Matthew's Gospel, there are not even copies of the original. It exists only in Catholic translations. The most bigoted Protestant is, therefore, entirely dependent upon the Catholic Church for his Bible, and it is upon her authority alone that he receives every book and chapter and verse of his cherished volume.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July. Leonard Scott & Co.

The present number of The Review contains articles on those interesting and absorbing topics of the day—Austrian intervention, the Roman Question, the Broad Church, and the Government of India.

more hated by a people—that is by the millions of a nation—than that of England is in Ireland? Not one. It requires no Cavour to point out fancied injuries and concoct causes for popular indignation there. The wrongs, the oppressions, the legal murders, the religious persecutions and the broken faith of English rulers in that unhappy land, are inherited by her sons from their fathers, and "wait on each the moment he is born." Will Lord John Russell apply his new principle to them? Oh! no; not at all. Let the Irish people but attempt to meet for such purposes as he advocates for the Tuscans and then we would soon hear of the resuscitated "Convention Act," which murdered Emmett and William Orr, and, by imprisoning, eventually killed O'Connell, and of the "felonies," "treasons," packed juries and transportations, which always follow from its operations. Ireland can have no choice in her rulers; Scotland can have no choice in her rulers; Wales has no choice in her rulers, and the Anglo-Saxon himself has no choice in his rulers, although he imagines so sometimes, through the misty agency of his "pipe and pint of ale."

No! No! Lord John Russell does not care a fig for the Tuscans no more than for the Irish, and only made the above remarks in order, as we have said, to throw, if he could, difficulties in the way of the Italian Confederation.

One country, however, cares for Ireland; and that country is France, who has had the life-blood treasure of thousands of her gallant sons. There is one man, if true to his reforming principles in Italy, who should care for all the people of Great Britain and Ireland; and that man is Louis Napoleon. We hope that he does so. England has cheered him as an imperial reformer. Russia even has acknowledged that the people—naming the Irish—cannot free themselves without powerful armed aid. Spain blesses him for his Catholic moderation in making peace even while victorious. Austria admires his generosity. Prussia dare not now oppose him; and above all, England fears him, hates him, plots against him, but still is his slave for purposes of diplomacy or in battle.

He looks around, he sees this, and he well knows that her prestige is gone and that the nations mock her.

This may be his time to inaugurate "the epoch" itself, and perhaps he may do it by permitting that "electric cloud," alluded to by The Debates, to burst. Should he but call up his uncle's memory very strongly some day, and then—adopting that sentence attributed to Wellington at Waterloo, but never used by him—render it in French thus to his subjects: "Up *Frenchmen* and at them," in donning the command by the emphatic words used by Marshal Saxo to his Irish troops at Fontenoy, when he said "There are your Saxons foes," and where would be England's channel fleet, Ireland's chains, or the memory of Waterloo in the course of a few months? The one would be swept from the water; the other forgotten in a nation's jubilee; and the last unremembered by thirty-six millions of emancipated men.

When Napoleon's experiments are complete with the telegraph, we may hear of some startling results.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF OREGON AT THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF MERCY, HOBOKEN.—The congregation of the Church of Our Lady of Grace in Hoboken, was most agreeably surprised last Sunday by a visit from Archbishop Blanchet of Oregon. His Grace celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of Mass at 9 o'clock, at which all the children of the Sunday School were present. After Mass he addressed them in the most feeling manner, congratulating them on the happiness they enjoyed, in being able to witness the holy ceremonies of the Church, in receiving instructions and in possessing all possible facilities for the practice of their religion, while in his new but vast diocese hundreds and thousands had not, as yet, the same gracious privileges. His Grace assisted at Vespers, and was also present during High Mass, when the faithful had the happiness of receiving the Episcopal benediction.

A CARD.—The Sisters of Charity gratefully acknowledge the sum of \$1,427 28 for the benefit of the Orphans, from the Treasurer of the Young Men's Eria Association Ball.

Orphan Asylum, Prince st., Aug. 10, 1859.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

We are gratified, says the Louisville Guardian of the 6th instant, to learn that the walls of the new church in progress of erection at Bowling Green, Ky., are already up. It is the intention of Father De Vries, the zealous pastor, to have the building roofed immediately, though he thinks it doubtful if his means will enable him to finish it before spring.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT ST. JOSEPH'S, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA.—We make the following extracts from an interesting letter in The Philadelphia Catholic Herald and Visitor of the 13th instant:—

"On Sunday, July 24, at the Convent of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, St. Joseph's Susquehanna county, Pa., Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, assisted by Very Rev. J. V. O'Reilly, V. G., Rev. Messrs. Monahan and Fox, gave the religious habit to the following young ladies: Miss Mary Shaughnessy, Friendsville, Pa. (Sister Mary Joseph); Miss Mary Hagan, New York, (Sister M. Augustine); Miss Julia Griffin, Mauch Chunk, Carbon Co., Pa. (Sister M. Agatha); Miss Eliza Lappin, New York, (Sister M. Theresa); Miss Henrietta Piston, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Nepomucene); Miss Elizabeth Elin, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Bernard Gonzaga); and Miss Catharine Eisheim, Philadelphia, (Sister M. Alphonsa).

"On the same occasion, two novices, Sister M. Ignatia and Sister M. Clara, made the solemn vows of religion.

"Before the postulants had received their habits and the novices made their profession, the Bishop delivered an appropriate discourse, in which he showed the dignity of the state to which they had been called, and the manifold obligations which it imposed upon them. The audience seemed deeply affected during his remarks, and when the postulants, arrayed in their azure-blue habits and long white veils, appeared before the altar to declare their willingness to consecrate themselves forever to the service of Mary's Son, many a fervent prayer was wafted to the Throne of Heaven that their sacrifice might be acceptable, that they might walk worthy of their holy vocation.

The Sisters have opened an academy for the instruction of young ladies in all the branches usually taught at such institutions. They, moreover, it is understood, prepare children and adults for the reception of the Sacraments on the most moderate terms, thus connecting themselves ultimately with the interests of religion—a great desideratum in our midst. A portion of the buildings intended for the Sisters will be completed in September. The site selected is a most beautiful one, situated on the side of a hill of gentle acclivity, and commanding, as it does, an extensive view of the Cheocount Valley and surrounding country, which is well diversified with hill and dale, lake and woodland, while the wooded hillsides which bound the valley, extending in the distance until their outlines are lost in the far horizon, give the scenery a most picturesque and charming appearance. And to this the healthiness of the locality, for which it is proverbial, its secludedness, the competency of those who have charge of the institution, the moderate terms for which education, &c., is imparted, and you have all that any parent could desire as a place for the thorough Christian training of her daughters.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOP GRACE.—Right Rev. Dr. Grace, the newly appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, was consecrated in the Cathedral of St. Louis, Mo., last Sunday, by Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, assisted by several other prelates, with the usual imposing ceremonies.

CONFIRMATION IN EASTON, PA.—Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, says The Catholic Herald of the 13th inst., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, 17th ult., in St. Bernard's Church, Easton, Pa., to 103 persons, eight of whom were converts. On the same morning at St. Joseph's German Church, 30 were confirmed.

FOREIGN.

COPY OF AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF THE POPE ON THE PEACE.—ROME, July 19.—The following document, which is the text of an autograph letter from the Pope to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, was posted about the city yesterday, and is interesting as being the first public expression of his Holiness' feelings upon the subject of the recently concluded peace:

"SIGNOR CARDINAL:—The whole Catholic world knows what have been our sentiments

during the present struggle in Italy. They have had no other end in view than the achievement of peace, to which intent we sent letters to the whole episcopacy, inviting them to put up public prayers to the God of peace. Now that this boon has been obtained, we charge you, signor Cardinal, to warn the faithful of this capital of Christendom, so that they may take part in the solemn acts of thanksgiving to the Lord for having deigned to cause the cessation of the most terrible of all scourges, which is war. Whatever may be the consequences of this peace, we shall wait for them with calmness, trusting always in the protection which God will deign to grant now and forever to His Vicar, to His Church, and to the preservation of the rights of both. Meanwhile, the usual prayers are to be continued after private masses, substituting the prayer *pro gratiarum actione* for that of *pro pace*. To thank God for the peace obtained between the two great Catholic belligerent powers is our duty, but to continue prayer is a veritable necessity, since several provinces of the States of the Church are still a prey to the overthrows of established order. And it is in these same provinces that a usurping foreign authority now announces that it has man free in his own opinions, whether political or religious; forgetting that the authorities established by God upon earth, to whom respect and obedience are owing—forgetting likewise the immortality of the soul, which when it passes from a transitory to an eternal state, will have to render a special account of its religious opinions likewise to the Omnipotent, Incarnate Judge. Learning then, but too late, that there is but one God, one faith, and that whoever goes out of the ark of unity will be plunged into the deluge of eternal penalties. It is, therefore, evident how necessary it is to continue prayer, in order that God may deign, in His infinite mercy, to restore rectitude of heart and mind in all those who have been seduced from the road of truth, and to obtain that they may deplore not the imaginary and lying slaughter of Perugia, but their own faults and blindness. But prayer is more powerful than hell, and whatever is asked of God by those who are gathered together in His name will be infallibly obtained. And what shall we ask? That the enemies of Christ, of His Church, and of His Holy See, may be converted, and live, *convertantur et vivant*. Receive the Apostolic benediction, which we heartily impart to you.

"Pius PP. IX.

"From the Vatican, 16th July, 1859."

PROTEST OF THE POPE AGAINST SARDINIA.

In the last number of THE RECORD we published the telegraphic synopsis of the circular of the Pope to the European Courts. The following is a verbatim copy of this important document:

"PALACE OF THE VATICAN, July 12.

"Amidst all the apprehensions and anxieties occasioned by the present deplorable war, the Holy See had reason to think that it would be unmoested after the many assurances it had received—assurances with which even the King of Piedmont had associated himself; for, on the advice of the Emperor of the French, his ally, he refused the Dictatorship which was offered him in the revolted provinces of the Pontifical States. But it is painful to state things have turned out very differently, and facts occur every day under the eyes of the Holy See and its government which show more and more how inexcusable is the conduct of the Sardinian Cabinet towards the Holy See—conduct which clearly proves that it is intended to strip the Holy See of part of its temporal dominions.

"Since the revolt of Bologna, which his Holiness, in his allocution of June 30, has already taken occasion to deplore, that city has become the rendezvous of a multitude of Piedmontese officers, coming from Tuscany and Modena, for the purpose of preparing quarters for the Piedmontese troops. From these foreign States thousands of muskets have been brought wherewith to arm insurgents and volunteers; cannons, also, have been imported to aggravate the troubles in the revolted provinces, and to encourage the audacity of the disturbers of order.

"Another fact, which renders the refusal of the Dictatorship completely illusory, and adds to a flagrant violation of neutrality an active co-operation in the maintenance of the States of the Church, is the nomination of the Marquis d'Azeglio as an extraordinary commissioner in Romagna to direct the movement of the legations during the war. This step, under the specious pretext of preventing the national movement from leading to any disorder, is a manifest usurpation of power, which affects the rights of the territorial Sovereign of these States.

"Events have moved on so rapidly that the Piedmontese troops have already entered the Pontifical States, occupying Torte Urbano and Castlefranco, in which places Piedmontese Bersaglieri and a part of Real Nervi's brigade have arrived. The sole object of this movement is to join the rebels in opposing an energetic resistance to the Pontifical troops which have been sent to restore legitimate power to the rebellious provinces.

"Finally, the manifest usurpation of the legitimate sovereignty of the Pope, two officers of engineers, one of whom is a Piedmontese, have been sent to Ferrara to mine and destroy that fortress.

"Such odious proceedings, in the perpetration of which a flagrant violation of the law of nations is manifest in more than one point of view, cannot but fill the soul of the Holy Father with bitterness, and provoke in him a lively and just indignation, which is rendered more poignant still by the surprise with which he sees that such enormities proceed from the Government of a Catholic King who had accepted the advice of his august ally to refuse the Dictatorship offered to him.

"All the measures taken with the view of preventing or attenuating this series of evils having been in vain, the Holy Father, not forgetful of the duties incumbent upon him for the protection of his States and for the preservation in its integrity of the temporal domain, has deemed it his duty to issue a declaration connected with the free and independent exercise of the supreme pontificate, protests against the violations and usurpations committed in spite of the acceptance of neutrality, and desires that his protest may be communicated to all the European Powers. Convinced that the justice which distinguishes these Powers, he has assured them of his support; him; they will not permit the success of a manifest violation of the law of nations and the rights of the Holy Father. He trusts that they will not hesitate to co-operate in the vindication of those rights, and to that end he invokes their assistance and protection.

"The undersigned Cardinal Secretary of State, conformably to the Pontifical custom, seals the present note to your Excellency, begging you to transmit it to the Court to which you are accredited, and takes this opportunity, &c.

G. C. ANTONELLI."

CATHOLIC CHARITIES.—In the English Commons on the 25th of July, Sir G. C. Lewis moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to Roman Catholic charities. The reason for the bill was that, some years ago, Roman Catholic charities had been excepted from the operation of the existing law. It appeared to the Government that the time had come when that exception should be put an end to, and that these charities should be brought under the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, while he introduced a clause, which, either in the case of mixed or simple charities, usage would be held valid in certain cases.

Mr. Kinnaird was glad that the Government had at last determined to bring in this bill. When the last bill on the subject passed, the Roman Catholic charities were exempted from the superintendence of the Charity Commissioners. There was no reason why that exemption should be continued; but, at the same time, he hoped that time would be given for the full consideration of the whole question, in order that they might see that its provisions really covered the object in view. After a few words from Mr. V. Scully, leave was given to bring in the bill.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.—Died, in the Convent of the "Good Shepherd," July 21, Sister Mary of the Divine Heart (Dillon), in the 25th year of her age, and the first of her religious profession, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church, and assisted at her last moments by a Redemptorist Father and her sisters in religion. On Monday there was a Solemn Office and High Mass, at which Very Rev. Dean Butler presided, Rev. J. Quinlan acted as High Priest, Rev. J. O'Brien of St. Michael's as Deacon, and Rev. J. Conway as Sub-Deacon. A large number of the clergy, secular and regular, of the city attended, and accompanied her remains to their last resting place in the vault of the convent. *Requiescat in pace.* [Limerick Reporter.]

Rev. Pere Lacordaire and thirty Dominicans lately arrived at Aix en Provence, and proceeded immediately to St. Maximin, where they installed themselves in the ancient monastery of their Order, lately restored and prepared for their occupation. A house for special studies is annexed to the monastery, and the hermitage of Sainte Baume once more sees two Dominican fathers perform offices within its walls.

ARRIVAL OF AMERICAN PRELATES IN IRELAND.—Right Rev. John Barry, Bishop of Savannah, United States, accompanied by his chaplain, arrived here on Tuesday evening. We regret to state that the visit of the learned and pious prelate to his native land is owing to impaired health, having resided in the land of his adoption for over thirty years. We hope, however, the return to the

air of his childhood's home will soon produce the beneficial effects so much to be desired by all who had the pleasure to know him.

[Wexford Independent.]

The following Bishops and clergymen arrived at Queenstown on Wednesday per the City of Baltimore from New York: Right Rev. D. Byrne, Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas; Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Rev. A. L. Roche, Diocese of Boston; Rev. M. Scanlan, Diocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Mr. O'Connor, do.; Rev. Mr. Quinn, do. [Cork Examiner.]

In consequence of the concordat with Baden the members of the Upper Ecclesiastical Council and other Catholics who had incurred the excommunication of the Church, have submitted and been reconciled to the Church. Among them, the director of the town of Fribourg has exemplarily atoned for the scandal he had given. [Weekly Register.]

PORTUGUESE POLITENESS.—I remember a striking instance of the great extent to which mere ceremonial is carried by the Portuguese of the old school. I called one morning on a high dignitary of the Church, and ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation. My host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second. The same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters I made a bow, and, I supposed a final salutation, but no; when I had reached the first landing-place he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions, our heads wagged with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall, divided by columns, to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned, and found his eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the Bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.

INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.—That the earth possesses a source of internal heat, is a fact proved by testimony as conclusive as that which has been adduced in favor of the various phenomena to which we have already had occasion to advert. The increased temperature of wells and mines, the existence of thermal springs, or sources of heated waters, the occurrence of the volcano and the earthquake, sufficiently attest the presence of a source of heat beneath the surface of the earth's crust. It is occasionally termed the central or subterranean heat, and the latter is conceived to be the more correct term, since, though of necessity subterranean, it is not of necessity central, and, in fact, many phenomena tend to show it is situated at a very remote distance from the surface. Various theories have been propounded to account for its existence—some philosophers conceiving the interior of the globe to consist of a molten mass, the remains of an original incandescent condition of our planet; others, with more probability, ascribing its heat to the agency of electro-magnetism—a supposition which certainly appears in the highest degree probable; for, since by the puny operations of man we are enabled to produce results in the highest degree influential and important, and, by the mere opposition of plates of copper or zinc, to evolve light and heat, it is conceived that the same powers, extended in the magnificent scale of nature, would be sufficient to produce all the conditions implied by that internal heat which is recognized as a highly powerful and active agent in producing some of the most extensive and mighty changes of our earth.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

spoken of the Atlantic Telegraph Company will, by means of this connection, enjoy special advantages with reference to reduction in tariff, and special facilities for the transmission of "through" messages over the Continent of North America, enabling them to serve the public in a manner that cannot be compared with, and at a profit to themselves which could not be attained by any other Company.

The construction of the next and future cables will, in many essential particulars, differ from that of the first. The experience now possessed by the Company of the course along which the cable has been laid, and which is the only line across the Atlantic Ocean hitherto demonstrated to be practicable for submerging a telegraph cable, is of the greatest value.

The further experience of this Company in the electrical and other phenomena developed by them on the longest of all telegraphic cables, will, it is believed, result in the working of messages at twice the rate that has been expected from an Atlantic Cable.

The Directors will enter into no engagement or contract without seeking the mature advice of the highest scientific and practical authorities whose names are here published. This will enable them to decide with confidence upon the external form and construction of the Cable, its specific gravity, its insulation, and the size of its conductor.

The Directors are fully alive to the importance of a prudent economy, and it is expected that a sum far less than that which power has been taken to raise will be ample to cover the manufacture, insurance, and submergence of the Cable. It is expected that the Directors will be able to secure the most perfect and the best manufactured Cable that can be constructed.

Proposals have been already received from respectable contractors, which, if accepted, will ensure the manufacture of the new cable at the smallest cost consistent with efficiency and durability. These offers are such as would ensure, under the protection of effective penalties, its careful submergence and its efficient working for one hundred years.

As a further precaution, the Directors contemplate being able to take out a policy of insurance to cover the risk of the successful submergence of the cable from shore to shore.

The earliest operations entered into will be directed to an endeavor to recalculate or raise the old Cable, for which purpose the Directors have obtained permission from the English Government to employ, in the first instance, a sum not exceeding £250,000 of the new guaranteed capital. If successful in these endeavors, the British Government will be enabled to commence to pay £24,000 a year, which will increase to £20,000 when a new cable is laid, whether the effort to recalculate the old cable or to raise the new one is successful or not. The sum of £70,000 per annum from the United States Government will also commence at once if the attempt to raise the old cable is successful.

The Directors will not commence any work nor conclude any contracts till the amount of new 5 per cent. guaranteed capital has been raised to £250,000; and they undertake that, if the subscription do not amount to that sum at least, they will return to the subscribers the deposits advanced by them. The Directors will also pay a sum of £250,000 to the subscribers in the form of a dividend, if the subscription do not amount to that sum at least, they will return to the subscribers the deposits advanced by them. The Directors will also pay a sum of £250,000 to the subscribers in the form of a dividend, if the subscription do not amount to that sum at least, they will return to the subscribers the deposits advanced by them.

It is believed by the Directors that, under the foregoing proposed arrangements, a very promising investment is offered to the original subscribers, and to the public, and that the accomplishment of the great work is thereby rendered, to a large extent, secure and certain.

Applications for shares will be received by the Secretary of the Company, at the office, 92 Old Broad Street, E. C. London, or by CYRUS W. FIELD, No. 3 Beckman Street, New York.

By order, GEORGE SAUNDERS, Secretary, 22 Old Broad Street, LONDON.

The following is a correct statement of the number of Messages, Words and Letters that were transmitted between Ireland and Newfoundland, through the conductor of the Atlantic Cable from the 10th of August to the 1st September, 1858, inclusive. A much larger number of Messages would have been sent but that the greater portion of that time was consumed in the necessary arrangements for adjusting and regulating the novel apparatus by which signals were transmitted; viz: From Valentia to Newfoundland, 97 Messages, 1,102 Words, containing 6,474 Letters. From Newfoundland to Valentia—269 Messages, 2,840 Words, containing 13,748 Letters.

Among these were the Message of the Queen to the President of the United States, and the only one announcing the safety of the steamer Europa, her mails and passengers after her collision with the Arabia, and the Messages for Her Majesty's War Office, which latter effected a very large saving to the revenue of the English Government.

GEORGE SAUNDERS, Secretary, London, July, 1859.

Applications in America to be addressed to CYRUS W. FIELD, 51 Beckman Street, New York.

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WANTED FOR THE CATHOLIC Day School at Fort Lee Hill, New Jersey, a Teacher, or a competent person to undertake the duties of a teacher. One with a knowledge of Latin and able to instruct in singing would have the preference.

Address, Mrs. Annis Anell, or to Henry Jones Anderson, Fort Lee Hill.

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The Academic year commences on the first Monday in September, and ends about the first of July. Pupils entering at the commencement of a session will be charged only for the remaining portion.

Board and Tuition per annum, including Stationery, Music, Drawing, Painting and the Languages form extra charge.

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Studies will be resumed on Monday, September 5th, 1859. Terms per quarter (payable in advance), from \$4 to \$8—the quarter consisting of twelve weeks. Music, French, and Drawing form extra charge.

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N. K.—For further information apply at the Institute.

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CITY OF NEW YORK, DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, AUG. 1, 1859.

PROPOSALS FOR \$466,600 CENTRAL PARK

Sealed proposals will be received at the Comptroller's Office until Friday, September 2, 1859, at two o'clock P. M., when the same will be publicly opened, for the whole or any part of the amount of Four Hundred and Sixty-six Thousand, Six Hundred Dollars of the Central Park Improvement Fund of the City of New York, authorized by an act of the State Legislature, entitled "An Act for the Regulation and Government of the Central Park," passed April 17, 1857, amended April 15, 1858, and by an ordinance of the Common Council, approved by the Mayor July 23, 1858.

The said stock will consist of four thousand six hundred and sixty-six shares of one hundred dollars each share, and comprises the remainder of the amount authorized to be issued (\$1,566,600) for the improvement of the Central Park, of which the City of New York has paid per cent. per annum, payable quarterly—yearly from the first day of August, 1857, such redemption being further secured by a pledge of the Park and its appurtenances.

The proposals will state the amount of stock proposed, and the price per share, and the persons whose proposals accepted will be required to deposit with the Comptroller of the City of New York, within five days after the opening of the bids, one half of the sum awarded to them respectively, including the premium on the whole sum.

The remainder of the amount so awarded will require to be paid to the Chamberlain on the 10th day of November for such payment of the Comptroller. Bids will be entitled to receive certificates for equal amounts of the stock, bearing interest from the date of such deposit.

Each proposition should be sealed up and indorsed, "Proposals for Central Park Improvement Fund Stock," and the proposals thus sealed and indorsed put in a second envelope, sealed, and addressed to the Comptroller of the City of New York.

The right is reserved on the part of the Comptroller to reject any or all of the bids, if considered necessary to protect or promote the public interest.

ROBERT T. HAWES, Comptroller.

PRACTICE WITH SCIENCE—WILLIAM BRETHERTON, No. 139 Franklin Street, between Hudson and Varick Streets, New York, twenty years practice in the use of the Comptometer, Member of the Royal Institution of Engineers.

CHARLES T. JAMES, Members of Committee, L. B. BENSE, Secretary.

LIBRARY MAGAZINE. (Published monthly by the New York Catholic Library Association.)

The September number of this Magazine, which has now reached its fourth volume, is issued in an enlarged form, consisting of thirty-two imperial octavo pages in a neat cover. PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE; single copies ten cents.

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No. 1 of the new series for September, 1859, now ready, contains the following articles: Letters from the Great City, No. 1. Robert Hoodin, the Conjuror. The Three Graves, (a poem.) Record of the Month. Editorial Bureau. A File of Fingernails.

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1. No applications for admission will be entertained by the Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, and from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, the latter recommendation being indispensable.

2. Every application must be in writing, and state name of child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth, and parents' residence, and must be presented at the Asylum in Prince Street.

Applications in accordance with the above will be considered by the Committee at its semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince Street, on the second and last Wednesday of every month at 10 o'clock.

3. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman of the Asylum after the meeting at which the application has been presented, and are subject to the medical examination to be made.

4. Every child admitted will be bound to the Roman Catholic Asylum in Prince Street, and must be presented at the Asylum in Prince Street.

5. No orphan can be withdrawn by a relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application therefor must have been previously submitted, and who will require reliable so applying to qualify as guardian according to law.

6. No orphan can be withdrawn from the Asylum in Prince Street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince Street.

7. Any further information can be obtained from the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince Street.

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Restaurant connected with the Astor House is
open daily, except Sundays, for the service of break-
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of oysters and select varieties of fish, are to be had here at
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The number of pupils present at the close of the past
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In the Preparatory Department, the pupils are care-
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Arithmetic.

Terms, including books, \$5 and \$6 per Quarter.
The course in the Intermediate Department, in addi-
tion to the foregoing, embraces English Composition,
Elocution, Book Keeping, Mensuration, Algebra, French,
and Vocal Music.

The course in the Commercial Department comprises,
together with the preceding branches, Rhetoric, Mythol-
ogy, Natural History, Spelling, Geometry and
Trigonometry, Conics, Surveying, Navigation, As-
tronomy, Natural Philosophy, Elementary Chemistry,
and the Elements of the Mechanical Arts, &c.

Terms, including books, \$9 and \$10 per Quarter.
A Greek Class and three Latin Classes are open, with
reference to the study of those languages.
Books, however, are not furnished.

Those who wish to pursue a course of Linear Drawing
and Perspective, Shades, Coloring, &c., can do so,
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Instrumental Music forms an extra charge. Piano,
printed music and privilege of learning on another in-
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of bow and bowstring, \$8 per Quarter.
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Hudson Terrace, Hoboken, N. J.—Terms for board,
washing and Tuition in Classical and Commercial
courses, French, French Grammar, French Class of the
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PROSPECTUS OF ST. FRANCIS
Xavier's College, No. 39 West Sixteenth street,
between Fifth and Sixth avenues, New York city.
This Literary Institution is conducted by the Fathers
of the Society of Jesus, and the different branches of the
College Course are taught by Professors entirely de-
voted to the advancement of their pupils, and whose
object is to give the highest religious education of their
students.

This College affords the two-fold advantage of a com-
plete Classical and thoroughly Catholic education.
The course of studies is divided into two distinct de-
partments, the Classical and Commercial.

The Classical Course embraces Greek, Latin, Eng-
lish and French languages; Rhetoric, Poetry, Elocu-
tion, History, Geography, Mythology; a complete course
of Mathematics, Intellectual and Practical, and
Moral Philosophy.

The Commercial Course, which is completed in three
years, comprises the English and French languages, Eng-
lish Literature, Elocution, History, Geography, Mythol-
ogy, the art of book-keeping, Arithmetic, Mathemat-
ics and Natural Philosophy.

The German language is taught free of charge to those
who wish to pursue it.

Besides the Classical and Commercial Courses, there
are three preparatory classes for younger students, in
which are one each in English, Spelling, Reading, and
writing English Grammar, Geography, History and Arith-
metic, so as to fit them for the higher branches of study.
While a student prevails himself for admission, he is
examined and placed in the class for which his previous
acquirements have prepared him.

Partial attendance, a earnestly recommended;
hence, in case of absence, a note from the parents or
guardians is required, so that he be informed of the non-
attendance of their children or wards.

Monthly reports of behavior, application and progress
are sent to parents and guardians. To insure success,
private study at home, after class hours, is insisted on.

There are two examinations—one in winter, the other
for promotion at the close of the academic year.

In the Plan of the College a court-yard, entirely cut
off from the street, is reserved for recreation, so that
from the arrival of the students in the morning at nine
o'clock, until their departure after class hours at five
o'clock, they are entirely secluded, and superintended
by the Prefect and Professors.

The Plan of the College is the first Monday in Sep-
tember, and ends about the middle of July. It is divid-
ed into quarters of nine weeks each.

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INSTRUCTION.

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JOSEPH COUNTY, INDIANA.—Institution, chartered in 1844, numbers at the present time, in
connection with St. Mary's, one mile distant, more than
five hundred inmates, of the French in the valley of St.
Joseph, and English, one of the healthiest and most invigor-
ating to the constitution in the northwest, between two
railroad cities, in which place, within thirty hours
travel of New York or Philadelphia and within three of
Chicago. The students are divided into four distinct
departments; viz., the College Department, compris-
ing a full course in the Liberal Arts and Exact Sciences,
has a corps of able Professors, mostly European, of
high attainments, and of the highest order of ability
to the hands of competent and experienced Professors
chiefly American. The Preparatory is designed to fit
students for the College Department, and to give them
high Educational Instruction. The Department of the
Minims contains twenty-five of the youngest boys, of
ages ranging from ten to ten years, and is exclusively un-
der the charge of an American lady.

The discipline of the Institution though mild and easy
is regarded as the main foundation of success both for
teacher and pupil. A peculiar advantage of NOTRE
DAME, as a place for Christian Education is its
retirement and seclusion from the moral contagion of
large cities. Full of life as it is, it has yet a life of its
own—an atmosphere

